

GRAPHIC



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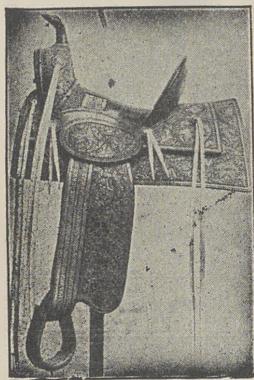
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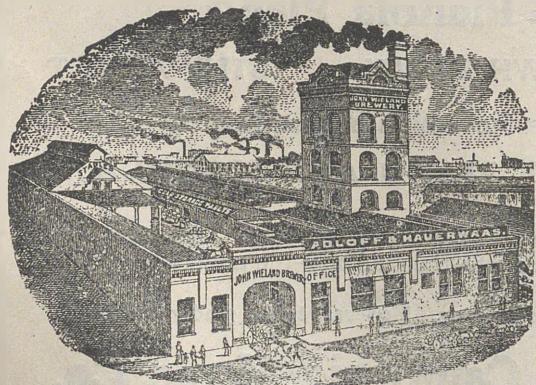
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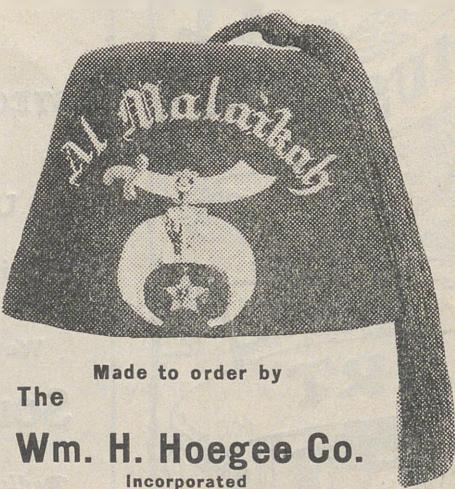
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Who's Who in Los Angeles XXVIII.



GEORGE ARTHUR PARKYNNS

While Louis Vetter was traveling in Europe last summer he was frequently mistaken for the French comedian, Coquelin, the younger. The subject of this sketch lately returned from Japan, and when in Honolulu, where Frederick Warde, to whom Mr. Parkyns bears a striking likeness, had been extremely popular, Mr. Parkyns was almost mobbed by enthusiastic theatergoers, who imagined that the distinguished tragedian was again in the islands. It is obvious,

therefore, that Mr. Parkyns has a way as well as a face with him.

In common with hundreds of his friends, I rejoice to know that Mr. Parkyns, who left here about six months ago in shattered health, is now fully recovered. I am also glad to know that he has refused a preferment in the Southern Pacific Railway Company which would have taken his most attractive presence away from Los Angeles. In whatever busi-

ness George Parkyns now decides to embark, he will undoubtedly succeed. Essentially he is a gentleman. He wastes neither word nor time; knowing his point, he reaches it as quickly as possible, which I suppose is a practice acquired from nearly thirty years of railroading. I understand he is already considerably interested in local real estate and property development, and it seems probable that since he is anxious to retire from the perpetual pressure of railroad work, his name will soon be identified with some of the large realty negotiations in this city.

George Arthur Parkyns was born at Cardiff, Wales, October 11, 1858. After a preliminary education in the land of Taffy, his parents sent him to an English school in Kent, where he remained studying for the church until he was twenty years of age, when he concluded that, despite his clean cut features, the pulpit was scarcely in his line. In 1879 he determined to come to the United States, and went to Chicago, in which city some of his relatives had already settled. He was first employed as a clerk in the freight department of the Rock Island, and four years' efficient and faithful service brought him promotion to the chief clerkship of tariffs and rate records. In 1884 Mr. Parkyns married Miss Jennie Allen of Chicago. Two years later Mrs. Parkyns sought the balmy climate of Southern California for her health, and in the winter of 1886 her husband followed her to the Coast, to accompany her back to the Windy City. This very brief experience of Southern California was enough for Mr. Parkyns—enough at least to make him view with distaste the idea of a permanent residence in Chicago, whatever its financial rewards might be, and so in 1887 he came to the Land of Sunshine, without definite prospects other than the confidence of his own strength. A man, however, who had earned such an enviable record in the railroad service found no difficulty in securing employment, and he was promptly given a

berth at San Bernardino with the Santa Fé, which however, he only occupied for two months. Mr. Gray, who was then General Freight Agent of the Southern Pacific, offered him a position in the freight department, which he accepted. In January, 1888, Mr. Parkyns entered the Southern Pacific's service at San Francisco, as clerk, and after filling various positions in that department, in 1892 he was made chief clerk. He remained in this position until 1898, when he was appointed assistant general freight agent. On October 15th, 1901, he came to Los Angeles as general freight and passenger agent, in charge of the Southern California territory, which position he occupied until the first of this month, when, on the advice of his physician, he determined to abandon his very onerous duties. The artist has depicted Mr. Parkyns as the majority of Southern Californians have known him, filling a passenger train on one side and a freight train on the other. During his four years' incumbency of this very important post, the transportation from this center increased enormously. Shippers and passengers multiplied, and with every addition came new problems to solve and new rough places to be made smooth. If ever there was a man who could subjugate the kicker by soft speech and suave manner, surely that man is George A. Parkyns. These latter qualities, his even head, his kindly heart, and his winning ways will insure for George Parkyns success in whatever line of endeavor he chooses to exercise his energies.

Mr. Parkyns is a great favorite in whatever society he finds himself, and with both sexes. In latter years he has had time for few diversions, but being a Welshman, he delights occasionally in chanting a song with the refrain, "I am an Irishman." He shaves himself every morning, and occasionally plays dominoes. He is a member of the Sunset and California Clubs.

Los Angeles Women at Home

BY CATHERINE ROBERTSON HAMLIN

XVII Miss Fannie E. Duvall

So modest and shrinking a little woman is Miss Fannie E. Duvall, of 4537 Marmion Way, Los Angeles, that even those who know her socially are not aware that she is a great painter and has been honored by having her pictures—or at least one of them—hung on the line in the Paris Salon. She is also one of the California artists who had her canvases shown in the Fine Arts Building, at the World's Fair, Chicago; and she is the proud possessor of a bronze medal, awarded by the judges at the Industrial Exposition at Portland, Ore. The Jonathan Club of Los Angeles, whose members number several well known art critics, has just purchased two of her important canvases, one a copper kettle of oranges, the other a clever "bit" of landscape, peculiarly Californian in its detail and treatment. So that, altogether, it must be conceded that—even though Miss Duvall insists that she is "only a beginner"—she has won a place for herself with those of the great of earth.

In the charming home where she lives with a widowed mother, Miss Duvall has a choice collection of her paintings. A particularly fine "Field of

Chrysanthemums" which, by the way, was one of the canvasses exhibited in Chicago, takes up the entire end of a commodious dining room, while on an easel across the room glows a "California Poppy Field," its gold garnered fresh from an Altadena hillside, and showing bright against the fringe of dark green trees that makes the background. That Miss Duvall is a poet needs not to be said to those at least who have seen her work, and she is as versatile as she is poetic and always the artist to the tips of her slender, clever fingers.

When I visited Miss Duvall I found her very loth to discuss her own work. "Please ask some one else about me, if you really wish to say anything," she begged.

"But no one can tell me of your aims and struggles and triumphs," I reminded her.

"When I have really done anything," she smiled, "but at present I am only a beginner. See what I have to learn before I can hope to have my name mentioned with such artists as—O, there are so many immortals."

"You have been abroad, Miss Duvall," I insinuated, trying to get some spontaneous recital of her work in Paris studios.

"Yes, I was a student in the Academie Carmen—Whistler School—in Paris, France."

"And you had the felicity of having a picture hung in the Salon, and on the line?"

"Yes," simply, "and I was, of course, very happy over the honor."

"Was it the white Chrysanthemum Field out there in the dining room?"

"No," replied the slender little artist, smiling at the thought of her triumph, perhaps, and perhaps at my persistency; "that was the painting that won a prize in Chicago; the Paris Salon picture was of yellow chrysanthemums."

"And you went to Paris direct from Los Angeles masters? That speaks well for California, surely."

"I had been a pupil of William Sartain, of New York, before I went abroad," amended Miss Duvall, "but California is the country for an artist. There is so much that appeals to one here."

"You make a specialty of oils?" I interrogated, determined to learn all that I could of the artist's methods.

"I am fond of oils, but I also like water colors and use them in many of my pictures," was the reply. "I paint miniatures and I work in pastels."

"You certainly have not overlooked many mediums of expression," I interrupted, turning to examine a beautifully executed miniature of the Virgin and Child, after Botticelli, and copied by Miss Duvall from the original in the Louvre Museum, Paris.

Finding that I was interested in such work, she showed me a charming miniature of an Italian boy, and one of a Bohemian girl, after Franz Hals, also copied from the original in the Louvre Museum.

Miss Duvall told me that her passage is booked for Europe and that in company with Miss Frances M. Blagg, of England, she will sail from New York in May, going direct to Gibraltar, thence to Naples, Pompeii, Capri, Rome, Siena, Florence, Venice, Verona, Milan, Locarno, St. Gothard, Lucerne, Mt. Rigi, Meiringen, Brienz, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, Grindelwald, Berne, Friburg, Lausanne, Martigny, Tete-Noire Pass, Chamounix, Mont Blanc, Geneva, Paris, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Moret, Rouen, London, Hampton Court, Windsor, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, Southampton, and thence home by New York. The time to be spent is three months and while in Paris Miss Duvall will paint in the Louvre and possibly enter some famous school of art. She is seriously contemplating taking a party of students with her and permitting them to study and paint under her supervision in the French capital.

"It sounds rather like a printed list," I remarked, inanely.



Miss Fannie E. Duvall

"It is the route we are to take and is well fixed in our minds," said Miss Duvall, in explanation of her glibness in utterance of the foreign names.

"You believe in foreign study for the American artist?" I charged, rather expecting an indignant denial from the little Californian.

No such denial came, however. "One must go where the world's best efforts are, no matter in what line one is interested," she explained, instead.

"And Europe—?"

"Is clothed with tradition and with 'atmosphere,' if I may use so hackneyed an expression," supplemented the artist.

"But that is what we make our bread and butter from, atmosphere, Southern California in particular advertises it," I reminded her, severely.

As I failed to draw forth an answering remark, I fell to admiring the treasures in old pewter, brass, copper, and bronze, with which each corner and nook of the great, picturesque house on the hillside is filled. In that I found Miss Duvall the sympathetic cicerone, and until I made my adieu, a few minutes later, our conversation was confined to the real and imitation in bric-a-brac.

Follies of Food Faddists

BY THE SAVANT

Thank heaven for phagocytosis!

Without it humanity would be at the mercy of all the terrible creatures conjured by the food faddists.

Phagocytosis has a baneful look in print, but in fact it is most beneficent. It is not a relative of that horrid group of words ending in "itis"—appendicitis, meningitis, etc.

It is not giving phagocytosis a whit too much credit to call it a human life preserver. In order to

appreciate its value, however, it is necessary to consider the work cut out for it in the economy of human nature.

The sane food reformers, and the food faddists as well, are right in their appetite-destroying diagnoses of what we eat and drink. We eat, drink and inhale whole menageries of micro-organisms, variously known as bacteria, bacilli, microbes, germs, etc.

Possibly Peter was divinely gifted for the time

when at Joppa he saw a great sheet descending from heaven "wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air." The command from above to "kill and eat" did not help to stimulate Peter's appetite.

In nearly everything that we eat and drink in this A. D. 1906 there is a zoological collection differing only in size from that which Peter saw as he reclined on the house-top at Joppa. What Peter saw with the naked eye we of this day may see, essentially, by the aid of a powerful microscope. No wonder that Peter was squeamish. No wonder that the modern stomach rebels at thought of what the microscope reveals.

But it is the food faddist, or at least the food reformer, who does the worrying about the microscopic menagerie. The real scientist goes no farther in precaution than the effort to avoid that which science tells him is harmful. That is to say, the true man of science does not regulate what he shall eat and what he shall drink with the precision of a railway time table. He formulates no such dicta as the idea that man should live on nuts, like the squirrel, or browse on grass after the manner of Nebuchadnezzar.

It is astonishing that a man holding the position of chief chemist in the federal department of agriculture should help to intensify the fear of nervous people concerning foods and drinks. Prof. Wylie, referred to, is reported as saying, "I have found that the food we daily consume is so fraught with germ life of a harmful nature that I am almost afraid to go to the table."

What is the natural effect of such a declaration, coming from so eminent a source? Obviously to frighten vast numbers of nervous people into adopting fads that probably are injurious and possibly ruinous.

There is a wide gulf of difference between safeguarding the nation's food supplies and assuming, as Dr. Wylie is credited with doing, that it is unsafe "to go to the table."

It is admitted by all credible authorities that the health of the average enlightened man is better in this era than it ever was before. Vital statistics substantiate that claim. The food of the average man of this day is purer and more healthful than was that of his father or of his grandfather. And it follows that the zoological collections which we consume are not so pernicious as were those that

went down the throats of our ancestors.

Make our foods and drinks as pure as possible, but away with the idea that the country may be depopulated by the assorted lot of bacteria, bacilli, microbes, etc., that nature supplies free to mix with our meals.

Now return to the human life preserver aforesaid. The phagocyte is to the other micro-organisms of the human system what James J. Jeffries is to the prize fighting fraternity. Its action is called phagocytosis, however, instead of pugilism. Its home is in the blood, which it defends valiantly and successfully, attacking all kinds of harmful germs, destroying and consuming them. It is said that this microscopic hero, on guard in every drop of our blood, not only slays and eats its natural enemies but makes its way outside of the tissue in pursuit.

But do not overwork the faithful little defender. Take all reasonable precautions to keep the blood pure and the phagocyte will work twenty-four hours a day and never indulge in a strike.

Even the pernicious microbe is saddled with a great deal of blame that it does not deserve. If the exact truth were known it probably would appear that more injury is caused by excessive feeding than by the baneful germs that go with the food. What benefit can possibly be derived from even the most rational discrimination in food and drink if you give the stomach double its rightful layout of work?

The pure food reform movement is commendable to the extent that it is considerate and rational. Carried to the extreme of a fad, as practiced or preached by many people, it becomes ridiculous.

The microbe terror is a comparatively new thing. It was not many years ago when a scientific authority wrote: "Bacteriology is now a natural science of sufficient importance and completeness to take its proper place in hygiene, etiology and pathological anatomy." It is a very useful and highly interesting science, but there is no reason why its revelations should cause nightmare.

Our forebears consumed microbes with every course on the menu, without knowing of the awful consequences that are heralded in sight of their descendants. From soup to ice cream the meal was enjoyable and good digestion generally followed.

It is not only foolish but pernicious to alarm susceptible people to the extent of causing them to adopt dietary fads based on ignorance of true scientific knowledge. Adapt diet to taste, avoid overworking the stomach and leave the rest to the ever faithful little blood defenders—the phagocytes.

Editorial Mudlarkers

(Scene represents the Throne Room in the Times building. Stage bare except for Throne, back center, and portraits of the "Hero of Calocan." The walls are draped with heavy, padlocked and armored curtains which for the nonce are withdrawn for entries left and right. Stage darkened. Enter Seneschal.)

Sen.—Ah, yonder stands that throne in solemn state
Which I might hope, right soon, to occupy
If, by some lucky stroke of smiling Fate,
My noble Monarch would retire or die.
Gayly, each day, his weakening gait I watch
And, when in state, before him I bow low
I note, with quite a pardonable snatch,
His walrus whiskers daily whiter grow.
(Enter King Cole. Up lights.)

Sen.—Oh, Sire it is with lively joy
I see you younger every day.
You're looking almost like a boy
Indeed, your hair is hardly grey.

K. C.—Peace, flattering fool
Cease thus to wag your tongue.

(Looks at his face in hand-mirror dependent from his waist.)
(Aside)—Still, it is rather nice

To be told you're looking young.

(Aloud)—Fetch us now our pipe and bowl.

Sen.—Aye, Sire, what will you smoke?

K. C.—We think we'll smoke a little coal,
Mixed with our blighted hopes—
Perchance a little Charity
If you find any here at all.

Put in our bowl some Labor Union gore,
And fill it up with Gall;
And send to us our fiddlers three.
We want these men to know
They are not playing loud enough;
They fiddle loud—or GO.

(Enter Printer's Devil.)
Sen.—Hence, Imp, and tell the fiddlers three

His Majesty requests their presence here,
And tell the keeper of the Bowl and Pipe
To bring them and be sure the stem is clear.
[Enter Fiddlers Three and a varlet bearing Bowl and Pipe.
Seneschal fills pipe and bowl then presents them to the King.]



King Cole

K. C.—(After drinking.) Ah, we feel better now.
"Tis good as goat lymph.

Now, mind you, my Seneschal,
Good stock of blood upon your shelves.

(Seneschal bows, then turns to Fiddlers.)

Sen.—His Majesty is not well pleased
With your poor fiddling up to date;
Do better, or to lose your jobs
Methinks will be your sorry fate.
Tune up, and do your best to charm
The Royal ear, while I
Will introduce my latest stunt
To please the Royal eye.

(The Fiddlers take their fiddles from their cases. The fiddles are dummies made of solid wood, and, instead of bows, they each have two little hammers. Fiddlers sit cross-legged on the ground, and hammer furiously on their instruments. The curtains are raised left, displaying life-sized portraits of about two hundred and twenty prominent Los Angeles citizens, who grace K. C.'s Index Expurgatorius. Two Printer's Devils appear bearing a large bowl filled with printer's ink. Seneschal dips his hand in bowl and throws the ink at the pictures. Every time he hits one of the portraits in the face King Cole roars with delight. Back of the stage the Anvil Chorus beats loudly on their anvils.)

K. C.—Bravo, our jolly fiddlers,
Keep up this merry race;
Ha, Ha! our noble Seneschal,
Hit Houghton in the face.

(The fiddlers and Seneschal keep up the mud-lark for some time, while King Cole shouts with glee. The fiddlers then show signs of getting tired, while the anvil chorus plays diminuendo. King Cole stops shouting and his head sinks down till his chin rests upon his breast. The fiddlers stop playing and sneak from the stage. King Cole sleeps. Seneschal, tired of his game, wipes his hands on his trousers and turns to the throne. Seeing King Cole asleep, he coughs loudly. The King opens his eyes.)

K. C.—Ah, my Seneschal, methinks I slept,
Into my sleep a quaint dream crept;
Me-thought I was an angel bright;
I had no sword, my garb was white,
No fierce-browed warrior was I;
And, as I passed Saint Peter by,
"When you were on the Earth," quoth he,
"You always were right good to me;
You published Sunday sermons, and
You gave the Church a Helping hand,
With Harry Andrews as your priest;
You made a quite big bluff, at least.
But, General, did you ever think
Of all the smut within the Times's sink?
The fetid tales your columns bore,
Outrivaling Police Gazettes galore.
It is the man who, like you, lies,
Who knocks and hammers, when he dies
The ghosts of those he's helped to break—

All hover round him, and they shake
Their ghostly fingers beneath his nose.
How many you will find—God knows!"
And then you woke me, Seneschal—
I wish I had not slept at all.

(King Cole puts his hand on Seneschal's shoulder, preparatory to rising, but, on the instant, voices are heard outside, singing in Unison. Chorus outside.)

We are the anvil chorus,
We echo our master's voice,
And loud and long we hammer,
But certainly not from choice.
We are the understrappers,
The rank and file of the staff,
We have to do what we are told,
But our work is not "to laugh."
We gain our bread and butter,
But lose our self respect,
For we work for General Otis,
What else can we expect?

(King Cole, with the help of Seneschal, steps down from the throne and hobbles towards exit.)

K. C.—Alas, my Seneschal, I'm getting old;
To meet my end I'm not too bold.
And yet, to die I have no fear,
Saint Peter will but simply say—"Why here
We have a really noble man—
The hero of Caloocan."

(Exit K. C.)
(Seneschal walks from center.)



*The Seneschal
alias "The Mean Man From Maine"*

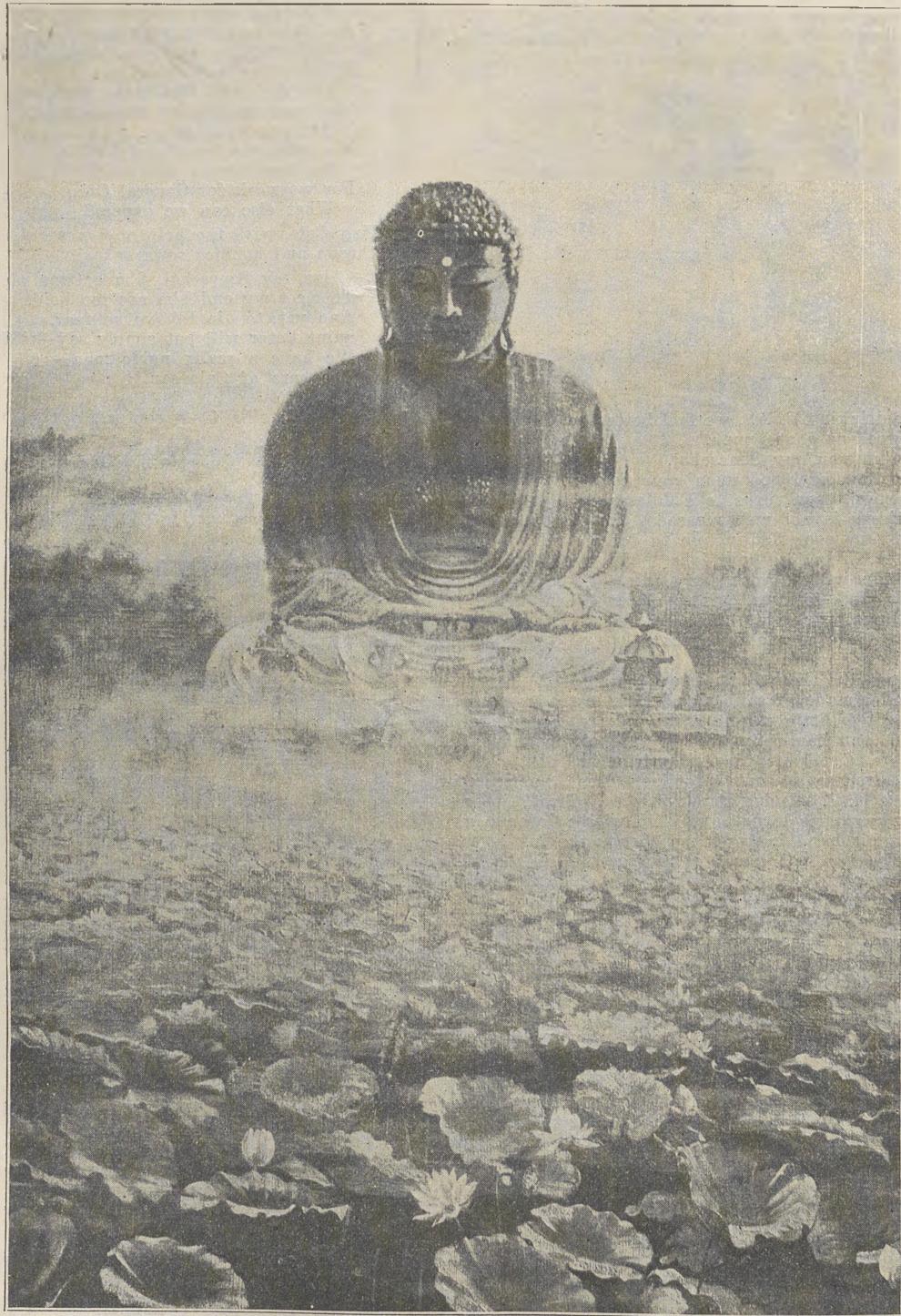
Sen.—He's gone at last, the durned old pest;
To "jolly" him I do my best,
Yet how I wish he would retire,
And liar-like I'd tune my lyre.
He's not like me; a churchman I,
I'll go to heaven when I die,
Unless, indeed, I am too good to lie
Beneath the turf, but spring to the sky.
Each week I teach in Sunday-school,
And in finance I prove myself no fool.
I save my money, know my place,
And wear a saint's expression on my face.
I'm such a jollier, don't you know,
My meanness I conceal below.

(Curtain.)

NORMAN.

The University of California Club holds its monthly luncheon this Saturday noon at the Cafe Bristol. The club will celebrate "Charter Day," the great annual occasion at Berkeley, with a dinner at Levy's on the evening of March 22. The University of California Club is growing in numbers and strength, as the facts concerning it are disseminated among the many Berkeley men living in Los Angeles and vicinity.

"The Light of Asia."



Theodore Wores's Painting of the Dai-Butsu which has just
been sold for \$5,000

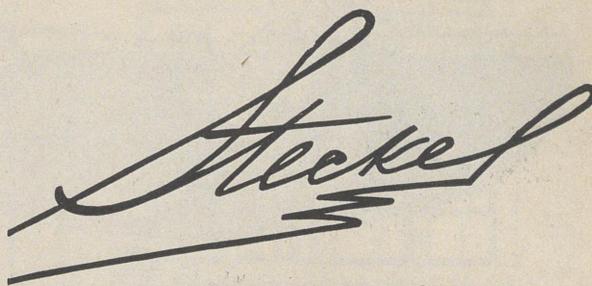
Wores's Great Painting

"The Scripture of the Savior of the world,
Lord Buddha—Prince Siddhartha styled on earth—
In earth and heavens and hells incomparable;
All-honored, wisest, best, most pitiful;
The teacher of Nirvana and the law."
—Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia."

In last week's Graphic, I alluded to the purchase of Theodore Wores's masterpiece, which was sold in San Francisco last week to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell. Wores painted this picture at Kamakura, after he had lived four years in Japan, and had absorbed the spirit of the Orient. "Dai-butsu," which being translated means, "The Great Buddha," is a massive statue of bronze, built at Kamakura over eight hundred years ago, and measuring over fifty feet from base to top. In Wores's conception, the figure of the majestic and peaceful god rises beyond a pond of lotus leaves and blossoms. The morning sun has lighted up the eastern sky, and all around the mists of ignorance and superstition are being chased away by the light of a new day.

The painting, which has been on exhibition in San Francisco for some weeks, attracted a great deal of attention among artists and critics, but it was only last week that a purchaser was found. The Russells, who paid \$5000 for the painting, live in a little colony of culture and peace, out on Ocean Boulevard, where they have established a retreat, and strive to lead the simple and artistic life. "The Light of Asia" has gone to join other famous paintings in the colony's shrine. Among these is a famous head of Christ, painted by the great Hofman, a picture that the artist himself was loth to part with, because he had caught the expression of the "peace that passeth all understanding," and found perpetual comfort therefrom. In speaking of Wores's "Light of Asia," Mrs. Alexander Russell said that a great dignitary of the Buddhist faith, the Right Rev. Shaku Soyen, Lord Abbott of Kamakura, and the head of eight hundred Buddhist monasteries in Japan, now visiting this country, had accompanied her to view the painting, and after looking at the "Dai-butsu" and His setting, with reverence remarked, "The man who has painted this knows the mind of Buddha. No one could paint it, who did not." "Then," wrote Mrs. Russell to the artist, "knowing what the 'mind of Buddha' means to such a Buddhist as this gentleman, I could not refrain from repeating this to you, feeling that you would appreciate the depth of such approval." The San Francisco papers have been at some pains to discover in this peaceful little colony near the Cliff House some mystic or magic brotherhood. "Their lives," wrote Edward H. Hamilton in the Examiner, "are supposed to approach those of the sanctified ascetics and the pole-star, those in whom virtue and vice have been annihilated." As a matter of fact, Mr. Russell is a thoroughly up-to-date man of business, who daily attends to large affairs in San Francisco. It is somewhat significant in these dollar-grubbing days, when ostentation and vulgarity are at a premium, that a few people who seek peace, culture and truth, who care for art and who prefer to live "far from the madding crowd," should be labeled "occultists, cranks," and all kinds of other invidious classifications. But the heart of the little colony on the shore of the Pacific is not disturbed.

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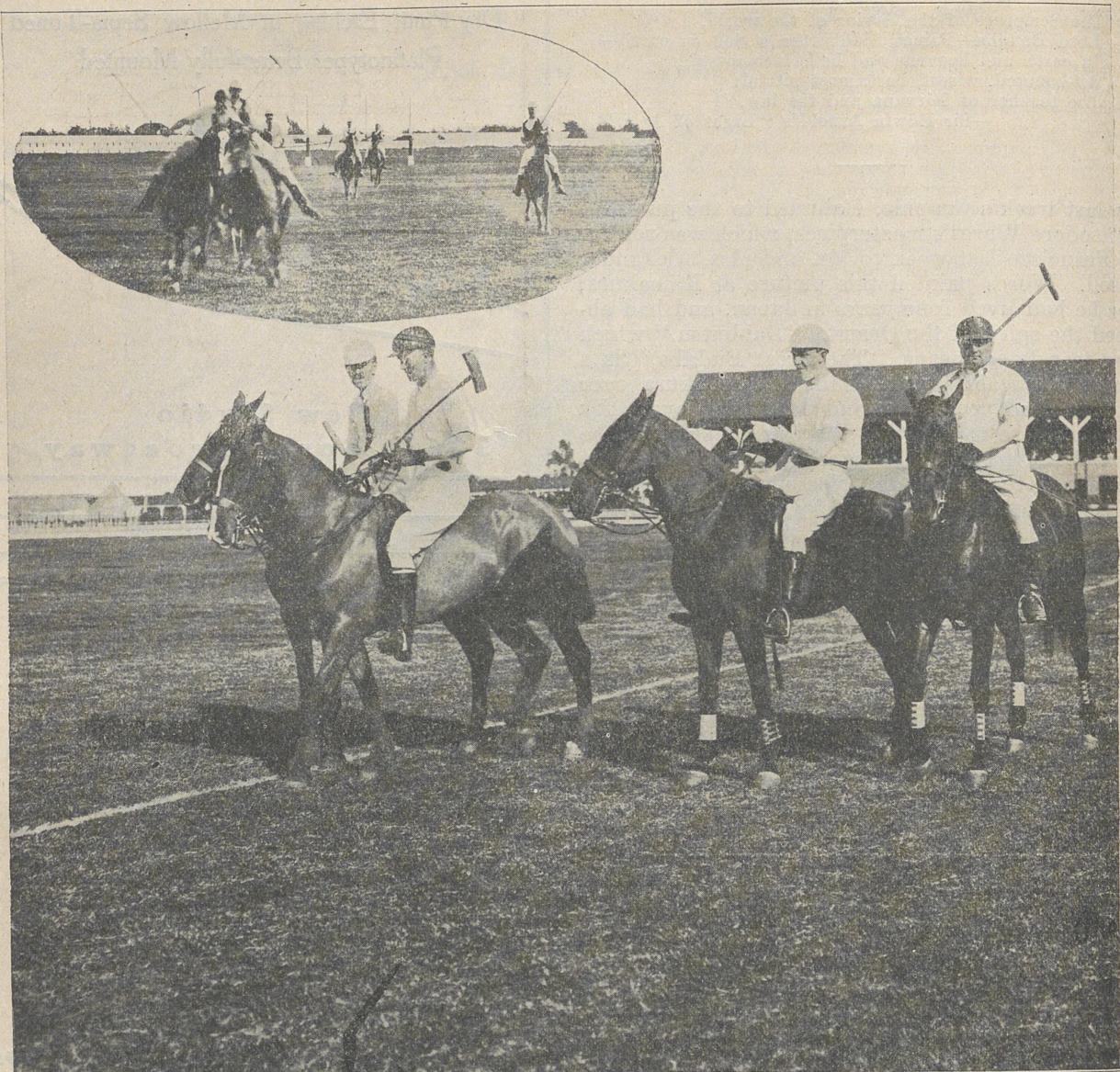
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Burlingame Winners of Polo Journey*R. M. Tobin John Lawson**J. O. Tobin Walter S. Hobart*

The Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association concluded last Tuesday four days of capital sport at Coronado. Six polo matches were played, teams from Burlingame, Santa Barbara, Riverside, Santa Monica and Los Angeles competing, and the famous Burlingame four, R. M. Tobin, Walter Hobart, J. O. Tobin and John Lawson, with the pick of ponies carrying off the championship. That good old sportsman and veteran polo-player, Capt. George L. Waring, who furnished the Examiner with excellent reports and comments throughout the tournament, tells me that it was the best meeting—polo and races included—that California has ever experienced. The only disappointments were the inability of the visiting English team to go to Coronado and the comparatively poor showing made by the Los Angeles team, which consisted of B. N. Smith, jr., Ed Young, J. Blute and T. Weiss, jr. On the other hand, however, the local club is to be congratulated very heartily on the success of the meeting, for which, with the able assistance of "Bob" Bettner, president of the Association, it was mainly re-

sponsible. The Los Angeles Club has been handicapped by the difficulty for several years of securing a satisfactory polo field. Its members affiliated with the Country Club about a year ago, but the only available field is nearly a mile from the clubhouse and not easily accessible for spectators. There is no reason why polo should not be made thoroughly popular in Los Angeles. Ten years ago goodly crowds used to go out to Agricultural Park to witness the contests between Burlingame and Riverside, and there is no better game in the world for the spectator who cares for keen, honest sport and good horseflesh. I understand there is a project to find a polo field about half way between Los Angeles and Pasadena, which would be convenient for players and spectators from both cities. With such a center and with such enthusiasts as "Dick" Bendum, B. N. Smith, jr., Dr. Edmunds, and the Weiss family and with a lot of likely sportsmen in Pasadena to draw from, I can see no reason why a Los Angeles-Pasadena club should not be the most popular and prosperous polo institution on the Pacific Coast.

Whirl of the Week

Foreign.

Now it is Uruguay's turn, among the group of bellicose southern republics, to sprout another revolution. In the matter of size Uruguay's place among the republics about equals that of Rhode Island among American states. It is less than half the size of California and its population is about four times that of Los Angeles.

A high compliment to Yankee genius is reported in orders just received by a Pittsburg concern for the outfitting of royal palaces in England and Italy with sanitary appliances. It is said that the naval vessels of Great Britain and Italy will be similarly equipped.

A dispatch from Paris says the great Sahara of Africa "has now become a favorite winter resort like Monte Carlo and Nice, many hotels having been erected along the line of railway." The Trans-Saharan railway, to connect Algeria with Timbuctoo, is in operation about 1000 miles.

The Russian government has ordered a number of armored automobiles of French make for use of the Russian army. A dispatch from St. Petersburg says "they will be used in cases of agrarian troubles in the country." Therein is a hint for American auto speeders who have a fondness for making countrymen "skedaddle," but who have a horror of the naval shotgun.

An improbable report comes from St. Petersburg to the effect that John D. Rockefeller has offered the czar \$200,000,000 for certain railway concessions in Russia. The story would be liked better in America if it related to an offer from Rockefeller to buy out the czar entirely and to seat himself on "the lid."

The first bill offered at this session of the house of commons by the labor party is unique but characteristic. It requires "local educational authorities to provide meals for underfed school children." This gives promise of a step farther in the same direction when the labor party grows stronger, to-wit, free meals for all laborites chronically afflicted with "that tired feeling."

National.

At the national convention of dressmakers in session this week in Chicago the official announcement was made that a new edict of fashion demands that "women shall abandon purses and have pockets in their skirts." No sane pick-pocket will attempt to locate the pocket in a woman's skirt.

In his examination before the senate committee Boss Shonts of the Panama canal was asked the question whether Rockefeller is "behind the Union Oil company," which is laying a pipe across the isthmus. The reply was, "I do not know." Possibly Rockefeller's location "behind the pipe line" accounts for the inability of process servers to find him.

The idea of a war between the United States and China is popular with representatives of the "embalmed beef" industry and all other military and naval supply vultures.

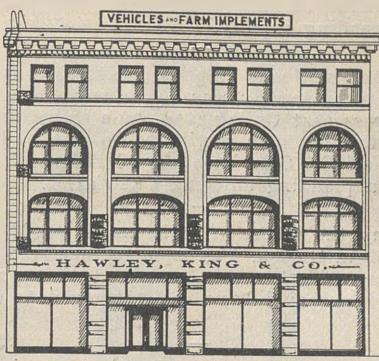
Pittsburghers have evolved a plan for ridding their city of the smoke nuisance. Instead of burning vast quantities of coal daily within the city, with which to generate power, it is proposed to do the burning at remote points and transmit the power. "A very good scheme if it works."

Now comes the paramount count in the indictment against electricity. A Chicago girl has obtained a verdict for \$20,000 damages resulting from alleged blinding by an electric shock communicated from a wire four feet distant.

Walter Wellman, Chicago newspaper man, is en voyage to Spitzbergen, whence he is scheduled for a balloon excursion to the north pole. Probably he and his backers will be satisfied if the scheme causes inflation of the Record-Herald's circulation to match that of the balloon.

Probably the most important industrial gathering in the history of this country will occur Thursday of next week at Indianapolis. Representatives of the bituminous coal miners

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and the managers of nearly all the large companies operating in that line will meet in joint conference. Upon the result depends a strike by perhaps 500,000 miners.

The maximum railway rate of two cents a mile, established by act of the Ohio legislature, is likely to be imitated by many other states. A bill of like kind is pending in the Virginia legislature, the Illinois railway commission has reported in favor of such a measure and agitation of the subject is spreading rapidly.

The president of Johns Hopkins university, in which the famous Dr. Osler recently was a professor, has declared in a public address that Osler never made any such suggestion as the chloroforming plan attributed to him. That knocks all the spots off Dr. Osler's fame and reduces him again to the level of a plodding university professor.

Last Sunday the rector of "the most wealthy and fashionable church in Omaha," as reported, declared against the Sunday closing of saloons. He argued that poor men, as well as the rich, should have their enjoyments on the Sabbath.

At a banquet of the Shoe and Leather association in Chicago a speaker charged the vegetarians with responsibility for the high price of leather. The decreasing demand for animal food results in diminishing the supply of hides.

A St. Louis ecclesiastic of high degree says "theater-going is a sign of degeneracy," and declares that "the genius of actors and playwrights is that which gilds the tomb." The utterance of such sensational stuff rather is a "sign of degeneracy" in the pulpit.

Chicago feels proud because one of its investigators claims to have discovered that "the soul, the center of all emotions, is in the solar plexus." On that theory prize fighters would seem to be the best equipped evangelists.

The city council of Chicago has raised the price of saloon licenses from \$500 to \$1000. Now will come a howl from

consumers about exorbitant taxation of the necessities of life in Chicago.

The so-called "reformed" boards of trustees of the three big life insurance companies in New York are joined in a fight against the reform insurance legislation now pending in the legislature. The newcomers, like the outgoers, seem to know a downy seat when they settle into it.

A novel protest against the joint statehood bill has just been sent to congress by New Mexico's territorial board of education. The anti-gambling feature of the statehood bill is opposed because, as stated by the educators, the schools of the territory are largely supported with fees from gambling licenses.

State.

A rule just adopted by the state library trustees requires civil service examinations henceforth of all employes in the library. The janitors are included in the sweeping order, although no mention is made of the scrub-women.

Here is a striking example of the way Japanese are prospering in California and also of their ready adaptability to American customs: "Japanese proprietors of three modern apartment houses in this city (San Francisco) have decreed that no children shall be allowed within their walls."

The big syndicate that recently acquired a monopoly of San Francisco's gas and electric business has formed a new "coast counties" corporation with a capital of \$15,000,000. Los Angeles is a coast county.

A group of San Francisco labor leaders, organized with the pretentious title of "Japanese and Korean Exclusion League," makes formal announcement "disclaiming any responsibility should war with China occur." That league appears to be a successor of the three Tooley street tailors.

The state horticultural commissioners have declared a quarantine against the importation of all nursery stock from Florida and Louisiana because of scale infesting such stock.

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San Diego is the only California point alluded to in the comprehensive plan for coast defenses outlined by the president and the secretary of war. Another plume in the cap of the Bay City.

An inventor who lives in San Luis Obispo has patented a device intended to supplant the block system on railways. Railway experts are said to be much interested in the invention, particularly the promise of a great improvement over the block system and at about one-fifth the cost.

The enterprising towns in the eastern part of San Bernardino valley are closely imitating those that are nearer the coast in the matter of interurban electric transit. Riverside, Colton, Redlands, San Bernardino, Highland and many minor towns now are connected by thoroughly down-to-date electric transit.

Local.

If war between the United States and China shall occur Los Angeles may claim the distinction of being the scene of the first shots. So much for the story about police heroics in stopping a group of local Chinese from "shooting up" the stars and stripes as a target in a shooting gallery.

The nub of the question regarding the mental condition of the author of a recent atrocious murder in this city seems to be this: If a man is sane enough to deliberately plot and execute such a crime, is he not also sane enough to hang for it?"

The president of the Rock Island railway system, who was a visitor in Los Angeles this week, pays the city a high compliment but truly says, "You ought to go things one better out here; you ought to build a few French roads through Southern California."

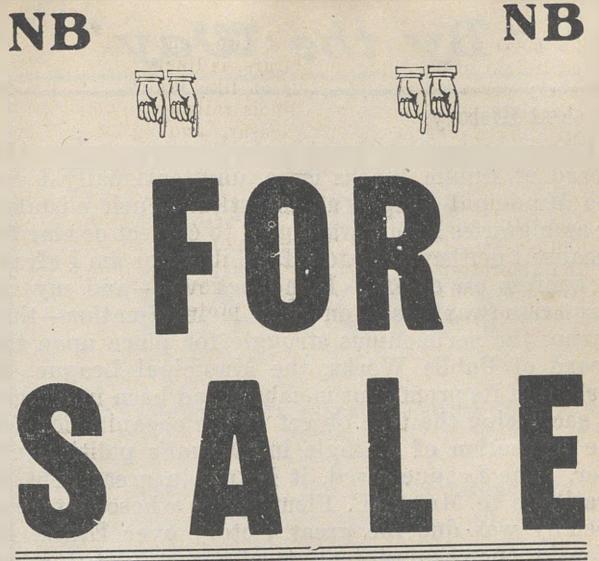
The prompt confession of a local "fire-bug" indicates an exceptional case according to the theory of the American Journal of Psychology, as follows: "As pyromaniacs rarely incriminate themselves, it becomes the more important to study the many indications by which the diagnosis can be made by direct examination."

According to the estimate of the city assessor this year's increase in assessed property valuation will be nearly equal to one-half the total valuation five years ago. The total figures have more than doubled in four years. The aggregate assessment four years ago was \$86,816,735 and the present estimate is \$188,500,000. As the actual value is supposed to be double the assessment, the wealth figure for Los Angeles now is \$376,000,000.

Another new idea has been introduced in the municipal gearing of Los Angeles. An assistant health officer has been appointed to ferret the slums and aid in the betterment of sanitary conditions there. The new office differs materially from another recent innovation whereby a "Director of Research" was appointed as an appendix to the library staff. The slum investigator will get no salary, while the "researcher" draws the snug plum of \$150 a month.

Superintendent Mulholland of the water department is likely to put the new board of public works under everlasting obligations to him. He is luring the board into a journey to the Owens river country and if he brings them back alive his job will be as solid as Gibraltar.

Cafe and restaurant competition, like everything else, is decidedly closer nowadays than it was some months ago. Not only is the public demanding the best that the markets afford, prepared by competent chefs, but the service that is called for is all that the most discriminating desire. The Loomis brothers, who conduct the Angelus Grill, as well as the Hotel Angelus, make a specialty of catering to the fastidious. Their location is central, and everything that people of refined tastes desire is provided. The Angelus Grill has a deservedly excellent reputation in Los Angeles. The patronage of the grill has been built up by constant and unremitting attention to the patrons. The Angelus makes a specialty of lunches, dinners, banquets and after theater parties.



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"By the Way"

Ancient History.

It seems that last week in commenting upon the Board of Public Works issue, unintentionally I did the Municipal League an injustice. Such mistakes or ambiguities I am always glad to correct or clarify, because I neither pretend infallibility nor am I afraid to confess an error. I had believed—and my information was based on reliable information—that during the acrimonious struggle for place upon the Board of Public Works, the Municipal League, or certain of its prominent members had been in danger of sacrificing the true object of the organization for the promotion of a single individual's political career. The League owed, it is true, a great debt of gratitude to Mr. A. P. Fleming, to whose hand especially was due the great victory over Ernest R. Werdin, once Superintendent of Streets. It was but natural that the Municipal League should endeavor to do all in its power to help Mr. Fleming, but I am now confident that the object, in public or in private, of the League never swerved from its main purpose of serving the whole commonwealth. It seems that during the last city campaign, conducted for better government by the League, about a week before election day, Owen McAleer, through certain delegates, made overtures to the executive committee of the League to secure a combination by which McAleer was to gain the League's strength in his fight for mayor and McAleer and his friends in turn were to deliver votes for Jim Hanley and the non-partisan

school board. Mr. Fleming informed McAleer's agents that no combination was possible, that the League stood only, and consistently, for principle and for the wiping out of party politics from the administration of municipal affairs; that in this particular campaign they were working for, first, the defeat of Street Superintendent Werdin, second, the election of a non-partisan school board, and third, for the passage of all the charter amendments save one. After that decisive rebuke, Mr. Fleming naturally supposed that Owen McAleer would prefer to break off all negotiations with him, but in January, 1905, when Senator Frank P. Flint was sailing home from his Sacramento triumph, the newly elected mayor approached Mr. Fleming, and after saluting him as a personal friend, he said to Fleming: "Will you accept a seat on the Civil Service Commission?" Mr. Fleming replied, "No," and Mayor McAleer urged him to reconsider, "for," said he, "I want you in my cabinet," Fleming replied that if the Mayor wanted him in his cabinet he would accept a place on the Board of Public Works. "Well," retorted McAleer, "that would suit me just right. How would you like to have Mr. McGarvin (alluding to the father of his political sponsor, D. C. McGarvin) with you on the board?" Fleming replied that he did not know Mr. McGarvin, but all he asked was that he should be associated with men of high character who would loyally serve the City's best interests. Mr. Fleming positively declares that he never had any subsequent conversation with Owen McAleer and discovered nothing more of the situation until the Mayor sent for Mr. J. O. Koepfli, then president of the Chamber of Commerce and lately

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president of the Municipal League, and asked him as a favor to "investigate" Mr. Fleming and report. This duty Mr. Koepfli, instigated only by a public spirit, performed, and subsequently declared himself fully prepared, as an individual, to endorse Mr. Fleming's candidacy. Subsequently McAleer's personal agents sought Mr. Fleming and urged him to consent to the chairmanship of the Board of Public Works of Mr. Edmund T. Perkins. Mr. Fleming's reply was, very properly, that the charter already provided for the manner of determining the long term and chairmanship—the long term had also been made a consideration—and that, as far as he was concerned, the law must be obeyed. McAleer's next move was a most contemptible one—the writhing of a trampled snake. It was to use subterranean detective tricks to try to discredit A. P. Fleming, by a correspondence exploited months ago in the Graphic. That correspondence stamped Owen McAleer as a cheap trickster and a traitor to his friends, something, however, that his friends had long ago discovered. Poor McAleer! I am sorry for him, because his grievous faults have been the fruit of miserable narrowmindedness rather than lack of rectitude. He has failed, and failed miserably, in his high office, reducing it to one beneath contempt, because he trusted neither his friends nor himself. In conclusion, I have only related this more or less interesting chapter of political history—not to bat poor McAleer, as is the custom of the City Council, Walter Parker, et al.—but to show my own mistake in ever confounding the Municipal League with Mr. Fleming's misadventures.

Not Worth Reading.

I did not read the "verdict" passed on the late Library imbroglio by the "investigating" Council, composed of those persons who had a personal grudge against Mayor McAleer, a private axe to grind with Oscar Lawler, and a bone of mutual satisfaction to chew with the Perpetual Library Trustee, Isidore B. Dockweiler. To read that "verdict" was quite superfluous, for, weeks ago—in fact, before the "trial"—I was perfectly familiar with its prospective specious evasions which could not be disguised by either the rhodomontade of Oscar Lawler, the brick-making United States District Attorney, or by the polysyllabic periods of the sainted Isidore. Of course, in common with all fair-minded men and anxious women, I regret and resent the council's verdict, which cleverly confounds and clouds the real issue and leaves a helpless, but honest, industrious and most faithful woman discredited and discomfited. Who wrote the "opinion"? It is impossible to conceive that any member of the Council, save only Dr. Houghton,—whose brains are at present too misdirected by Hay and other horse-food for any serious or worthy effort, wrote this specious and scholarly document. But since I have been at pains, at diverse times and in various places, to lend my ears to the rhetoric of Isidore and also, alas, to Lawlerian bombast, there could be no coercion strong enough to force me to wade through the column and a half—in nonpareil—of Lawlerian-Dockweilerian "tosh," calculated to whitewash the Trneworthy board and hit both Mayor McAleer and a faithful and efficient librarian.

Appointive Power?

In the meanwhile there seems to be much con-

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fusion concerning appointive power. As I understand it, the Council, or, rather, their attorneys contend that since the power of appointing or dismissing a librarian lies with the Library trustees it is obvious that they can dismiss or appoint as they choose. And yet, the Library trustees are appointed by the Mayor, and he cannot dismiss them, however good the cause. The appointive power, and its prerogatives, seems somewhat mixed these days. There is only one recourse, and that is the People's Will, which in a pure democracy must be always predominant. Some of us may believe with Carlyle that the majority is always wrong, but nevertheless, in the republic or the pure democracy, unless the People rule, the state is stultified. And yet there be editors, plutoerats and corporation agents whose whole industry is aimed against Direct Legislation. If the people, or even the patrons of the Public Library, had had their say, there can be no question that Miss Mary L. Jones would still be librarian.

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What's the Matter With Ascot?

Last week I told some uncomfortable but nevertheless necessary truths about Ascot Park, and its domination by a bookmaker. Since that was written the Ascot authorities visited uneven punishment upon two of the conspicuous "warring horsemen," and I hope this very severe lesson may have a salutary effect. In the meanwhile, in spite of my previous criticisms—not of Mr. Rose personally, but of the fact that a bookmaker should have so large a voice in the management of the race track—I wish to congratulate Mr. Rose on having punished his own protege and debtor, McCafferty. I do not pretend to know much about the Ascot game, and I have noticed that those who make such pretense are usually discomfited sooner or later, but however good a sportsman Mr. Rose may be, however plucky a loser, and however honest his intentions, all of which his friends assert with enthusiasm, I cannot recede from my sure position that it is most destructive of confidence that a bookmaker should be the controlling spirit of Ascot.

Williams or Rose.

When it was first rumored around the Ascot ring that the Muir-Huntington stock was for sale, one of the veterans of racing, who has now passed to "the other side," told me that if it had not been for George Rose's coming to the front with his sack, Mr. Thomas H. Williams would undoubtedly have gained control of Ascot. If Mr. Williams had been in the saddle, in all probability he would not have raced here for more than thirty days, and he would have closed Ascot for the rest of the year, so that

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his San Francisco tracks might be benefited. My veteran friend shook hands with himself on what he believed was Ascot's good fortune in having George Rose at hand at this juncture. From the true sportsman's point of view, however, which also would undoubtedly have been the best for Ascot and for this community, there could be no comparison between Mr. Tom H. Williams and his business-like administration, and Mr. George Rose and his syndicate books. Only thirty days' racing would have been a disappointment to the horsemen, but under existing conditions and patronage Williams might have stretched the season to twice that length, and sixty days' high-class racing is quite long enough for any city in the United States. Mr. Williams did not come; Mr. Rose did, and we have had more scandal in two years than Mr. Williams has had in his whole racing career. But although under present conditions it seems unlikely that there can be any transfer of stock as long as the noisy agitation against racing continues, if the Los Angeles Jockey Club were to appoint a board of stewards consisting of three experienced sportsmen, whose integrity is above suspicion, and were to turn over to such a board the absolute control and complete management of the track, I believe confidence would be restored. Where are such men to be found? I named one of them last week in the person of Col. A. W. Hamilton, now the presiding judge. There will be no necessity for more than three such stewards, and another might be found in such a man as Mr. Hugo R. Johnstone of Massachusetts, who comes to Southern California every winter, and who races simply for love of the game.

The Proper Way.

"Some ten years ago," said a veteran horseman, while discussing the punishment of Durnell and McCafferty, to me the other day, "we met on the quiet at the Baldwin Hotel in San Francisco, and formed an association of horsemen. We got out a manifesto for Mr. Tom Williams's benefit. The ink was hardly dry thereon before Mr. Williams had a procession of horses leaving the track, almost long enough for a cavalry regiment, and before nightfall Mr. Williams had the 'Baldwin Hotel Horsemen's Protective Association' also presented with full membership in the 'Down and Out Club.' Mr. Williams can be 'one of the boys' when he chooses, but when he goes up on the bridge, he is captain of the ship. From my experience, which covers forty years in Kentucky, England, Australia and California, I should say they need a captain worse than anything else at Ascot, and this is in no way any reflection upon Col. Jim Brooks, who, it seems to me, at present has that most dangerous of all positions—responsibility without full authority." Brooks, by the way, has been given the fullest vindication from his slanderers, which we all knew he was bound to receive. There is no reason why Ascot should not be one of the most famous and most beautiful tracks in the world, but to achieve that end there must be a very different standard of sport, and there can be no room in its management for any bookmaker.

Miss Maude Kriechbaum, daughter of Dr. A. H. Kriechbaum, is considering whether or not to enter upon an operatic career. Miss Kriechbaum, who is a pupil of Marquis Ellis, has been heard by several local choir directors, and without exception they



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have pronounced her one of the best sopranos who has been heard in the West. This week Manager Seamans of the Olympic Opera Company heard her sing. He said that her voice was without exception the best he had heard in recent years. The way seems open to Miss Kreichbaum for a career in opera.

Suspicions.

As in politics, even so in horse-racing, the "wise guys" know too much; that is to say, when they know nothing they are wont to "imagine vain things." The professional teachers and vigilant touts are always on the qui vive for "tips," and when they have no information they either invent it or snatch at ridiculous straws. You have seen the same vagaries in politics. If Walter Parker or William E. Dunn were guilty of one-tenth of the malpractices attributed to them by the Record or of the marvelously ingenious tactics they are credited with by the political touts, either one of them might earn a seat with Satan or equivalent fame to Machiavelli's. But they do their work in fairly open and intelligent fashion, and the awful strategies of which we read and which we hear whispered along the Rialto are hardly ever true. To illustrate what I mean, let me tell you a little incident that happened the other day at Ascot. Miller, the pick of the Ascot jockeys, was to ride Northville one day. The same morning he walked into a telegraph office and wired "Go North today." Immediately the tip went forth from the operator to the messenger boys that Miller would carry Northville's owner's colors to the front that day, the idea being that this marvelously ingenious

jockey's telegram conveyed a hint to his friends in San Francisco to play Northville that day. As a matter of truth and fact, Miller himself went north that afternoon to ride Charlie Clark's "Valereuse" the next day in San Francisco, and had informed his friends by wire of his prospective journey. But the "tip" was so strong—in the eyes of the wise ones—that Northville was backed down to an absurd figure. Whenever you hear such wise "information" about either politics or the race-track, discount it at least ninety per cent.

Eddie Earl's Thrift.

Apropos of the local theaters, the recent attempt of Eddie Earl to "hold up" the amusement places of the city for a higher advertising rate resulted in a most inglorious backdown on the part of the reform editor, and in consequence just at present the Evening Distress is not in particularly good favor with the managers of the city's theaters. The Managers' Association held a hurried meeting as soon as the Distress's advertising bills showing an increased rate were received, and for a few minutes Mr. Earl's ears must have burned. A communication was sent to the manager of the Distress containing the stubborn statement that The Express's theatrical advertising rate would either continue at the old rate, or the amusement advertising would be withdrawn with a haste that would surpass all automobile records. It is sufficient that Eddie Earl, who always has an eye open for the business side of any proposition, from reforming the entire city to holding up the theaters for passes and increased

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rates, moved with unaccustomed alacrity and told the theater people that the old rate would stand. The managers, I understand, had hoped The Distress would not back down, for they hailed the idea of breaking away from the Earl advertising columns with genuine joy, and were fairly convulsed with glee when the opportunity presented itself. But it's a good gamble that the next time Eddie Earl endeavors to increase his theatrical advertising rate—a rate that was only recently given a substantial boost—he will take several thinks.

One On the Chief.

Last Saturday night the crowds at the Café Bristol were large enough to overtax the cooking facilities of that excellent restaurant, one of the stokers became over-energetic, and in consequence the back of one of the stoves became red hot, setting fire to the woodwork at the back. An alarm was at once turned in, and several engines and hose carts scuttled down to Fourth and Spring. Chief Lips, first on the scene, hastened down the Fourth street entrance. In the lobby he met a very excited waiter from whom he inquired where the fire was. The flustered one gasped and replied, "In the stove." The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Wat's that bell, the Fire Engines?
Yes, there goes the ladder cart.
Where's the fire? Café Bristol!
Bad place for a fire to start.
I'm going round to see what's doing,
Oh, they're coming back by Jove.
I say Chief, where was the fire?"
"Fire? Huh! in their blank, blank stove."

A Nom de Plume?

The famous query concerning the age of one Ann, which has never been answered quite to my satisfaction, promises to have a rival in the field of problematical foolishness, for every one in newspaper and theatrical circles is anxiously asking "When does Constance depart?" Constance in this instance is Miss Skinner, who writes ecstatic slobber about stage people who happen to strike her peculiar fancy, and who dips her pen in vitriol when things on the stage do not go as she opines they should. It is a well known fact that over a year ago Tom Williams, the right-hand Hearst man in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, got after the fair Constance and almost "canned" her. Now they tell me it is "Uncle Heine" who never could stand for a female in a newspaper office. The story goes that a month ago Constance was notified that her name would not figure in the cashier's weekly statement any longer, but for some reason or other "Constance Skinner" still adorns the theatrical criticisms of the Examiner. Perhaps after all, there is no such person as Constance Skinner; that this may be an office nom de plume used by any of the bright young men on the Examiner staff, either Otheman Stevens, Charles Van Loan, or even "Uncle Heine" himself. Perhaps, too, the name "Constance Skinner" will emulate Mr. Tennyson's popular versification anent the babbling brook and go right on appearing in the columns of the local Hearst publication long, long after "Uncle Heine" himself has gone to another town to show how many sorts of downright dampfoolishness he can exhibit in any particular twenty-four hours of the year. I trust it isn't possible that the Examiner has been fooling its readers by using the name "Con-

THE VALUE OF A FINE DIAMOND

Diamonds are graded according to their color, cut, purity and size. A little Diamond of extreme fineness reflects a better taste and higher actual value than many larger stones of poor quality.

We select our perfect Blue White and Extra White Diamonds from the production of the world's best mines—the Jaeger and Wesselton mines in South Africa. When you get a Diamond out of our stock you get the highest possible intrinsic value, and a gem that will ever grow in its fascination. Whether it be large or small, you can depend upon its abstract value and its rich and elegant mounting.

BROCK & FEAGANS JEWELERS

Fourth and Broadway.



OSTRICH BOAS Made to Order

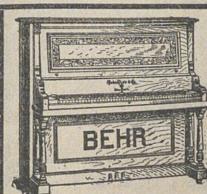
If you were to say to us make the finest boa possible we would produce a magnificent article that could not be duplicated anywhere in America—and it could be white with a baby blue center, black and white or any color combination desired.

We grow the feathers and make them up in our own factory at the "farm". A \$50,000.00 stock of made-up plumes and boas always on hand. We do repairing.

Connected with L. A. Home Tel. Exchange.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM
SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

Robert Sharp & Son FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS Now Located at 820 South Main Street Both Phones 1029



Williamson Piano Co.

BEHR SHONINGER MCPHAIL HARDMAN ARRINGTON ENSEL

"Hardman Autotone"

STANDARD SEWING MACHINE AGENCY

327 S. Spring St.

A CORNER IN WOMEN

Tom Masson's little funnyisms on Women "and other follies" Cover Design by Chas. Dana Gibson, Illustrations by Gilbert, Crosby, Clay, Kemble and others.

Price \$1.60 Net

The Big
Book Store



252 South
Spring Street

**Everything for the
Fire Place**

At J. W. Frey's Mantel Store

Main Home } 2719

529 South Broadway



208 W. Second St. Los Angeles.

See the window display in our new store—the finest in the city. The flowers are worth walking blocks to see.

...Artistic Floral Designs a Specialty...

We own our own greenhouses. Can you wonder that our prices are the lowest? Telephone calls will receive prompt attention. Home 7291; Block 9891

Branch Office: 15 South Raymond Street, Pasadena

HOWARD STUDIO
Artistic Photos

310-310½ S. HILL STREET

stance Skinner" to hide the literary effusions of its bright young men, and that like Nellie Bly, Beatrix Fairfax, Betty Beeswax, and the rest of the Examiner's femalists, it is only a pen name. Is there, "Uncle Heine," any real "Constance Skinner?" If so, why don't you print her picture in the Examiner like you do your sporting editor's? Who has ever seen Constance? What does she look like? Come, Heine, fess up, is "Constance Skinner" your stage nom de plume, and do you wear a blonde wig when you attend the theaters to "criticise" the local performances?

Germain a Buyer.

Eugene Germain this week purchased two exquisite water colors from Paul de Longpré, one of the subjects being "Iris" and the other "Roses and Violets." Mr. de Longpré has been having a most successful spring exhibition, although his pictures have been on view only ten days or two weeks. He has sold, so far, twenty-one works, all of which have been purchased by eastern people, or residents of Hollywood, with the exception of the two which Mr. Germain has just purchased.

Best Missionaries.

Mr. Tom Peck, the passenger traffic manager of the Salt Lake Railway, has taken up an advertising method that should command itself to others. When Mr. Peck finds some one in the East whom he desires to impress with Southern California, he does not buy him moldy copies of midwinter editions, or send him any of the atrocious Chamber of Commerce "literachoor;" but he does order a box of the best oranges to its appointed destination, and the golden globes convey a message that no booklet could carry. Thus far this season Mr. Peck has sent more than a carload of oranges in individual boxes. He pays for the fruit and for the forwarding, and finds it pays him and his company.

Magic Word.

You may have noticed a sad-looking man of amiable but chastened expression sitting about the lobby of the Alexandria Hotel this passing week. If occasionally a handsome, London-dressed, dark person approached the sad-faced, and shook hands with him consolingly, you may be sure that you saw in the latter Truman Clayton, of Philadelphia, a cousin of General Manager Dinmore of the Alta Vista Wine Company, one of the men who years ago helped to organize and buildup the Jonathan Club. Mr. Clayton's unhappiness was caused by his amiability to a reporter. Two weeks ago he started from San Francisco for this city on the Coast Line night train. At

LINDSAY REALTY CO.
204 SEVERANCE BUILDING

Phones, Main 6695 Home 7368

Sole Agents Ingil's Tract

Only 14 minutes on the Long Beach car line, when leaving Sixth and Main Sts. Positively the cheapest subdivision on the market. Come and be convinced.

Castroville the train ran into a freight train and smashed eight or ten freight cars to matchwood, while the passengers were scared black. When Clayton arrived here he was the only person who happened to "run into" the reporters, and to one of these he said that he "had felt a slight jar, but had gone right to sleep again, and therefore knew nothing of the accident until morning." The other passengers, when they read this stoical account, proceeded to make life a burden for the Philadelphian. He was pointed to as the man from Chestnut street who "felt a slight jar" while a freight train was being demolished. "I've been suffering from insomnia," said one of his train friends, "but since I've found Clayton, all I have to do is to say 'Philadelphia' to him and he talks in his sleep at once."

True & Cleveland have been appointed general agents for the Renters' Loan and Trust Company of San Francisco. This company has loaned over one million dollars to home builders in Southern California. The company has made a wise selection, Mr. Cleveland having had charge of their business several years at San Bernardino, and Mr. True was their general agent and appraiser for fourteen years before engaging in business in this city. The offices are at 607 H. W. Hellman Building, Fourth and Spring Streets.

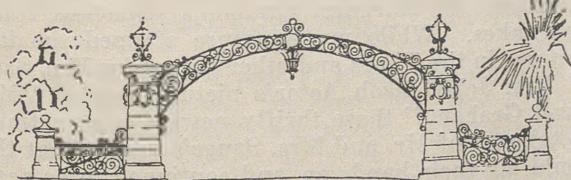
McAleer and James.

It was all cut and dried by the police commissioners, of course, that Martin P. Riley should be dropped from the force, and I do not suppose that it is ever possible to arrive at "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" when an alleged grafting case is aired by the police board. This Riley investigation proves one thing, however—which is that Frank James is not to remain on the police commission much longer. The Riley case, too, was the instrument of tearing Mayor McAleer and Earl Rogers asunder, and that is something worth accomplishing. To return to Frank James, I have it on the best authority that he was not notified of the Riley hearing until the moment that the police board assembled. Mayor McAleer insisted on going ahead with the investigation without James's presence, saying that "ninety-five in a hundred people thought a mistake had been made in putting an attorney on the board."

The Star of Profit Rises in the South

WINTON & McLEOD'S

Figueroa Street and Moneta Avenue



Tracts Present the BEST MONEY MAKING CERTAINTIES in Los Angeles

High Class Improvements, Low Prices, Very Easy Terms

Lots from \$450 to \$3500

DON'T BUY LOTS UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THESE

WE OWN SIX BIG TRACTS

WINTON & McLEOD

Main 6278
Home 546

Member
L. A. R. B.

308-10 Trust Building
Second and Spring



Hotel Alexandria

LOS ANGELES

Offers every comfort of the most luxuriously appointed homes in America.

Constructed of tile, steel and marble, it is "fireproof that is fireproof."

Thus combining both safety and quiet elegance.

The great lobby, the magnificent restaurant, the beautiful balcony, the library, the parlor, the rich furnishings of the sleeping rooms, offer to our guests the greatest comfort and enjoyment.

Our Boys' Department Is a Winner

Luck occasionally places a poor horse in the lead. Luck never built up our big Boys' Department. We have won the confidence of the buying public of Los Angeles on merit.

Our opening Spring window display of high class novelties in Juvenile attire and Boy's Wearables awaits your inspection. We call your attention to this artistic display with a feeling of pride, believing that it would attract attention in the metropolis of America.



**LEADING
CLOTHIERS**

Harris & Frank
London Clothing Co.

337-341 South Spring Street

**Specialty-Business Property
AND
High Class Residence Property**

**MINES & FARISH
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
315 S. HILL STREET**

Fully Equipped RENTAL Department

GIVE US A CALL Telephones {Home Ex. 1457
Main 1457

Second Edition 25000

GERMAIN'S GARDEN GUIDE FOR 1906

So great has been the demand for our Garden Guide for 1906, that the first edition of 25000 copies is already exhausted, hence a second edition of 25000 has been ordered. The reason of its great popularity consists in the fact that it tells all about the garden, field, flower and tree seeds adapted to the Southwest, and treats of plants, shrubs, orchard trees and vines in the same manner. Of course you will want a copy, and it will be a pleasure to have your request for the same.

GERMAIN SEED COMPANY,

326-330 S. Main St. Los Angeles, Cal.

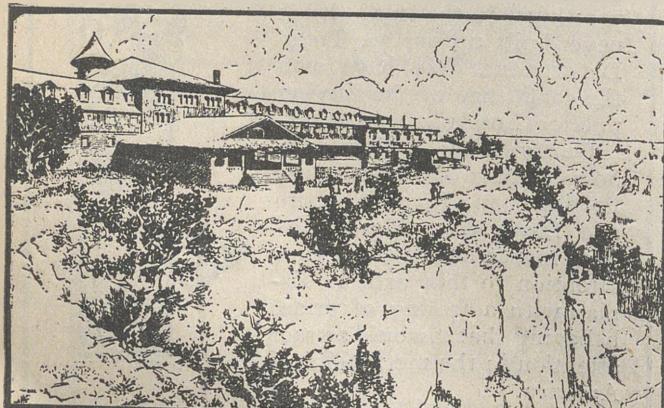


"GENTLEMEN"

exclusively

**GORDON
&
BRASSY**

The Santa Fe



"EL TOVAR" THE NEW HOTEL AT GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

One of the Wonders of the World

THE GRAND CANYON of ARIZONA

Reached only by the

Santa Fe

Coming or going you ought to visit The Grand Canyon—Nature's masterpiece. El Tovar, the New Hotel, was built by the Santa Fe at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars and is managed by Fred Harvey. No city hotel—anywhere—offers better service.

ASK ANY SANTA FE AGENT

The split between McAleer and Rogers I consider more important than any McAleer-James disruption. It was an unnatural alliance at best—what good could come of an understanding between a bull-headed, obstinate individual like McAleer and a brilliant, quick-witted genius like Rogers?

When the Hotel Coronado, on Coronado street, was destroyed by fire, the flames did not reach the annex, which was completed only about a fortnight prior to the blaze. This annex has been thoroughly equipped for hotel purposes, and is being conducted by the Misses Mathewson, as a select family hotel. The annex contains forty-five rooms, which may be obtained single or en suite, and nearly all of the rooms are provided with bathrooms adjoining. The Misses Mathewson are catering to the highest class of family trade, and their furnishings and table are in keeping with this aim. Before long, a new hotel, to contain about one hundred rooms, will be erected in that vicinity for the Misses Mathewson, but until this is done they will remain in their present location at 667 South Coronado street. There is no choicer residence district in Los Angeles than that surrounding the hotel, and everything about the premises is in keeping with the neighborhood.

Lynch's Ship.

Mr. John Lynch, Collector of Internal Revenue for the northern district, which includes San Francisco, is back in Los Angeles. Mr. Lynch denies the statement published in the Express lately that he intends to resign. "I simply told the reporter," he says, "that I would like to come back to this part of the State to live, and that when 'my ship comes in' I would resign and settle here. But 'my ship' has not arrived, and I have just sent a bond to Washington for another four years' term. I have not resigned, and don't see my ship in the offing, but I do hope some time to make my home here again." In the meantime, John Lynch, in the absence of Col. Dan Burns, and as long as Walter Parker stays South, is the only man who can cut political cards with Abe Ruef. "Whisper it softly . . . —H. T. G."

Faking "Seeress" and Her Accessories.

Now that the daily papers are exposing the record of Mrs. Sauer, alias Margaret Graham, "seeress and psychic," who is wanted in Texas to answer charges of swindling, it may be well to remind their editors, or rather their business managers—for our great religious dailies are really edited from the business offices, just as our theaters are controlled by the box office—that months ago the Graphic exposed one of Margaret Graham's shameless frauds and fakes. While my exposure stopped the insidious use in the Times and other papers by Mrs. Sauer of Mrs. John Jacob Astor's picture, labeled "Margaret Graham," those thrifty newspapers continued to take all of Mr. and Mrs. Sauer's money that they could lay their hands on, and continued to be access-

Ferd K. Rule
O. Rey Rule
Alex Belford
R. J. Belford

Home 6358
Main 8353

RULE-BELFORD COMPANY,
Investments, Real Estate, Mines.

309-315 Laughlin Building

Los Angeles

sories to the "Margaret Graham" fraud of obtaining money from silly people by false pretenses. Society women, typewriters, bank clerks and men of affairs continued to read the clever flubdub written by the Sauers' press agent, and, instigated by the daily papers, continued to flock to "Margaret Graham's" hall of humbug.

As a corollary of the revocation of the license of the Del Monte Tavern, the Del Monte restaurant and the Imperial restaurant have been purchased from Koster & Lonergan by the Monarch Investment company, a corporation of which J. M. Kellerman is president. The name "Del Monte" and "Imperial" will soon be no more. Instead, alterations are being made by which the "Monarch" restaurant will succeed both. The restaurant will have a great kitchen taking in as much space as the old Imperial and Del Monte kitchens and the upstairs of the old Del Monte will be abandoned by the Monarch company, and leased to other tenants. It will take fully two weeks to complete the changes under way.

Wanted—A New Bogie Man.

The Record and the other newspapers that take a regular whack at the gas company will have to provide a new bogie man, for the man who has obligingly acted in this capacity for the newspapers for the last four or five years is no longer "special agent." In other words, Mr. Champ Vance has been promoted. His new title is Manager of Operation, and I understand that he is enjoying almost absolute authority over every department of the company. His former position of special agent will be held down by Mr. Walter Van Pelt, and whether he will achieve as much fame, political and otherwise, as his predecessor, only the future can tell.

Demand for Gas Men.

Mr. Vance's promotion suggests a line of thought which many young men of the present day might follow to a logical conclusion, with financial benefit to themselves. In the last fifteen or twenty years it has been the practice of young men with an engineering turn of mind to seek to enter one of the many branches of electrical engineering. It may seem strange, but nevertheless it is true, that in twenty years scarcely any young men have devoted themselves to gas making. At the same time the demand for gas throughout the United States is larger today than at any time in the history of the country. There is a positive dearth of thoroughly competent and thoroughly well informed gas men. When Mr. Vance left the revenue service to become special agent of the gas company, he devoted himself to a good many things outside of politics, al-

Cresta Blanca Wines

Now is the time to send some of these celebrated wines to your Eastern friends for 1906. We carry a large stock in Chicago and New York, and can therefore insure prompt delivery.

All of our wines have been analyzed by the San Francisco Board of Health and every one pronounced to be absolutely pure. A guarantee of purity goes with each bottle.

Order now from your dealer, or from any of the first-class hotels or restaurants in Southern California. Wetmore-Bowen Company.

W. A. NIMOCK W. L. LE SAGE J. EDWARD RICE

Four large floors given over to a splendidly selected stock.

Prices as low as consistent with first-class furniture.

Broadway Drapery and Furniture Co.

447 SOUTH BROADWAY

SPRING AND SUMMER

... 1906 ...

Our importations this season include novelties never before shown in Los Angeles. An early inspection will be to your advantage. Riding Togs and Motor Coats.

Maxwell & Co. Inc.

336½ South Broadway
Third Floor Gray Building



Have You Visited The Angels Flight?

COR. THIRD AND HILL ST.

Most unique pleasure resort in the world. Pavilion, Park and Observation Tower. Fares 5¢ with liberal ticket reductions.

**PURE
COLONIAL
FURNITURE**

Our representation of Colonial Furniture will delight you if you are a lover of its quaint simplicity. Our stock is large and the pieces are pure in design and well executed in the choicest woods.

You are cordially invited to inspect our showing.

Los Angeles Furniture Co.

631-33-35 S. Spring St.

On West side of Spring,
midway between
Sixth and Seventh Sts.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

REACHES ALL POINTS OF INTEREST INCLUDING THE BEAUTIFUL CITY PARKS

WESTLAKE PARK—Take Seventh Street Line or Second Street Line.
 EASTLAKE PARK—Take Eastlake Park Line or Downey Avenue Line.
 ELYSIAN PARK—Take Garvanza Line or Griffin Avenue Line on Spring Street.
 HOLLENBECK PARK—Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.
 SOUTH PARK—Take San Pedro Street Line.
 CHUTES PARK—Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.
 BAND CONCERTS—Eastlake Park, Westlake Park and Chutes Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Seeing Los Angeles Observation Cars

provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

Tickets 50 Cents

Cars start from Hotel Angelus, Fourth and Spring Streets at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. daily, Sundays included.

Phone Main 900

No Half Fares

though politicians might take this statement with a grain of salt, Vance learned thoroughly every point in the manufacture and distribution of gas. There is no man in the big manufacturing plant on Aliso street whose place he cannot fill. It is said of him that on occasions he has even gone into the street ditches and used a pick and shovel. His knowledge of the intricacies of the business, let alone his political ability, contributed mainly to this latest promotion. I am told among gas men that he is considered as capable and competent as any gas man on the Pacific Coast. It seems to me that there is a good deal more room today in the gas field than there is in electrical engineering. The field is not nearly so crowded, and the demand for experts is certain to be greater in the next ten years than it now is.

Suppose.

Suppose, gentle reader, that you are the book-keeper and cashier for a relatively small business concern. Suppose that the amount of money which you are receiving and paying out is comparatively small. Suppose some evening in balancing up your books there is a shortage of \$20, \$25, \$30 or \$50. Suppose that you have not kept your books strictly up to date, and suppose you make every effort to find the leakage. Suppose you fail to find the leakage; what would you do then? You would go down into your own pocket to make good the apparent shortage, and institute a rigid search for the cause of the discrepancy. If you could not find it, the money which you have made good stays with the firm which employs you, and there is an end of the matter. This thing has no doubt occurred to cashiers all over the United States ever since there was a commercial system, and it will continue to occur long after you and I and the other man are dead. If you were that cashier, you would consider it an unwarrantable piece of injustice for a daily paper to write you up as a defaulter, and to blast your reputation for such cause.

Suppose Again—

And now suppose that you are an employé of a bank, an instead of the deficiency being \$50, it is \$5000, and suppose you make good that \$5000, and suppose you go to the officers of the bank and ask them to appoint an expert to examine your books, so that the deficiency may be placed, and justice done both to yourself and to the bank. Have you, or have you not acted the honorable part? I think that any disinterested person would say that you have, and that you would not have coming to you a blast from a daily newspaper that will all but wreck your life.

Writing Around a Libel Suit.

These remarks are caused by the publication in the Times last Tuesday morning of a story about an irregularity in the accounts of George Turner of the German-American Savings Bank. Mr. Turner and his family are well to do. Mr. Turner found that there was a deficiency in his accounts which he could not account for. The moment that he knew of this deficiency, Mr. Turner went to the bank officers and made it good, at the same time asking for an expert to find the error, but the Los Angeles Times, in its eager search for a one-day sensation, deliberately writes all around a libel suit, insinuating that Mr. Turner took this money, and at the

CONSOLIDATED SECURITIES CO.
730 Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles.
 Enclosed find check to pay for
 STATE shares of stock in THE GOLDEN
 STATE MOTOR CAR CO. above amount
 to be returned if entire subscription is sold upon
 receipt of this kind acknowledgement and oblige.
 Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....

Cut out and mail either one of these Coupons

CONSOLIDATED SECURITIES CO.
730 Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles.
 Gentlemen:—Will you kindly give me fullest
 information concerning the GOLDEN STATE
 MOTOR CAR CO. I may decide to purchase
 some stock if it looks like a good investment
 Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....

Do it today before it is too late

Rich men are
the result
of ready
recognition of
reliable
investments

Stock in the Golden State Motor Car Co. is steadily advancing, as it nears the time to get the factory wheels in motion making up the \$70,000 worth of automobiles already ordered, and as more intimate knowledge of the intrinsic value of our car and stock proposition is obtained, investors are flocking in to have a share in the prosperity sure to accrue. Remember the patent rights alone are worth more than five times the present stock allotment now for sale.

You worked
for your
dollars:
now make
them work
for you

10,000 Shares, Par Value \$1--at 85c For a Few Days

Own Stock in the Automobile Factory and Enjoy a Sure Profit

In presenting the opportunity to buy stock in the Golden State Motor Car Co., the company is following a plan of action that seems wise, in as much as a larger list of stock holders will give a more diversified interest in the prosperity of the concern. The product thereby will have many interested and enthusiastic supporters and greatly augment the advertising of the car when it is placed before the trade. The future is certainly bright for this splendid enterprise. Wherever the car has been demonstrated it has proven its unqualified superiority in power, simplicity, reliability and economy of operation, and if the original incorporators had wished, they could have sold the patents covering the innovations in motor making to prominent automobile makers for five times the amount of the present stock subscription. The great adaptability of our motor places us in a position to

take advantage of the trend towards motor carriages for every purpose—trucks, deliveries and the soon-to-be popular railway motor car.

The selection of an investment is of utmost importance and in this land of opportunity wise selection is difficult. The securing of a profitable investment lies in seeing clearly and quickly the real conditions. The best investments seldom admit of too long deliberation—the better the opportunity the more quickly it must be grasped. This enterprise is one in which investigation confirms conviction—a case where the truth about it is the best thing for us and for you. We not only offer the list of men who are already in as a guarantee of good business management, but we can prove a sure profit in the making of our automobiles, and the exclusive control of valuable patents which will make them popular.

More than \$70,000 worth of machines already ordered. More in sight. -- The factory will soon be in operation and earning money from the start.

The Golden State Motor Car Company, a Popular Local Enterprise, where every dollar you invest goes into the actual Working Capital of the Company

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE, TELEGRAMS, ETC., AND
MAKE ALL CHECKS AND DRAFTS PAYABLE TO THE

CONSOLIDATED SECURITIES CO. FISCAL AGENTS

OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK

Fourth and Spring 730 H. W. Hellman Bldg. Fourth and Spring

..Cafe Bristol..

Visitors and Tourists who once visit us, invariably make their headquarters here thereafter. The perfect service, menu and elegant orchestra are some of the attractive features.

**Entire Basement of H. W. Hellman Building
Corner Fourth and Spring**



Don't be jollied into taking a substitute!—which invariably would be an inferior product.

Your stomach and dependent health are surely worthy of consideration. The

"Jackson Club"

is absolutely pure—the result of 50 years' ambition. You can get it for the same price,—of all reputable dealers. We repeat—"don't be jollied."

Leon Escallier
DISTRIBUTOR

500-502 ALISO ST.
BOTH PHONES 653.

THE RELIABLE STORE

TRY PEERLESS BRAND NATIVE
SWEET WINES, At \$1.00 Gal.

Main 332
Home Ex. 6

So. Cal. Wine Co.

220 West
Fourth Street

same time not leaving a legal peg on which to hang a lawsuit. I do not know Mr. George Turner, never met him, and in the course of human events never expect to meet him, but it does seem to me that when Mr. Turner found out that there was an apparent deficiency in his accounts, which he candidly admits were not well kept, that he did the square and honorable thing in doing as he did; that is, to report the deficiency to the officials of the bank, and to make it good, and to ask for an expert. The Los Angeles Times has all but blasted this young man's reputation, and if I construe the law of libel aright, has done it in such a way that there is no reaching the infamous sheet. Out of its own brutal and cowardly mouth it stands convicted. In the first paragraph of this "story" the Times said—after an introduction of three lines about nothing at all—"The rest of this story is the gossip, perhaps cruel and unjustified....." Exactly. And that is precisely why the Times elaborated every inch of it.

As to the Preacher.

What are we to say of the Rev. H. W. White, pastor of the Union Avenue Methodist church, who preached what the Times calls "a sensational sermon" last Sunday night, and held an unnamed young man up as a horrible example? The Times quotes Mr. White as saying, "Though occupying a high place in the church, he has failed in his duty to his God and his fellow man. The case is sadder than if Death had claimed him. He has disgraced not only himself but his friends. God will forgive all who desire forgiveness. We must not judge, but must always be kind." Perhaps the Rev. H. W. White, whose acquaintance I have no desire to make, may call his part in this episode "being kind." There was a time in this world, Mr. White, when Jesus of Nazareth preached a new gospel. My study of the life of Jesus of Nazareth leads me to believe that he would have done nothing like that which you did last Sunday night. There was a day, Mr. White, when in this city of Los Angeles, the just and unjust alike trembled when the preachers spoke. Men of your sort have freed the city from such thralldom, Mr. White.

"The Line of Duty."

Mrs. W. H. Housh, president of the Fine Arts Building Association, president of the Ruskin Art Club, prime mover and hardest worker to force the Museum Association to vote for the Garvanza hills location, now owns four acres plus two building lots and is negotiating to purchase the Baker House at an advance of \$1000 over the cost of its recent erection. The Baker House is the key to the projected "Art Park" scheme. Mr. Baker, attorney of this city, can confirm the above statement. He knows the facts, ignores the motives. Librarian Lummis, in a recently published statement in favor of the Laughlin Building for the public library, laid special stress upon the fact that many patrons could not, and most of them would not have to, pay car fare, to reach the library, in its new quarters. Is it consistent for him to pull the wires to locate the Art and Archaeological Museum in Avenue 46, after such a statement? The "Lion's Den," by the way, is not a thousand miles from Avenue 46. The Fine Arts Building Association meets next Tuesday. Will

its members be impelled along the obvious line of duty by honest public spirit or by selfish money-grubbing interests?

Its New Editor.

Mr. Joseph D. Lynch has been made the new editor of "Tidings," the organ of the Catholic diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, in place of its late editor, whose continued ill health compelled him to relinquish the position he had for several years so ably filled. Mr. Lynch, the new editor, is an old editor, all the same, and is most fondly esteemed throughout Southern California, he having written glowingly of this section for more than thirty years. As is known by all old residents, hereabouts, Mr. Lynch was at one time owner of the Express and Herald, and conducted the latter paper for twenty years. He is regarded by his confreres as one of the best editorial writers in the United States.

Norton Heard From.

I am glad to publish and at once, although the Graphic is already in the press, the following letter from Mr. T. J. Norton, the able solicitor of the Santa Fé system. Only lawyers, of course, are infallible, but no lawyer, even Mr. Norton, is more anxious to be fair than is the Graphic:

To the Editor of the Graphic:

In your issue of March 3 you comment on the speech of E. P. Ripley before the Chamber of Commerce by making two quotations from what you term "the admirably edited papers of Sacramento." From the Sacramento Union, which you say, "is edited by the most accomplished newspaper man in California," you extract this:

"President Ripley of the Santa Fé may be technically truthful when he says he has no knowledge of any rebates in connection with the business of his road, but we suspect that the country at large will hardly regard him as entirely candid in the matter. Surely there were some rather positive statements concerning rebates in which Paul Morton had a hand not very many months ago."

Both you and your "accomplished" co-illuminator were aware that the "rather positive statements concerning rebates," together with all other matter that the extraordinary inquisitorial powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the transcendent ability of the "accomplished" editors could rake up, had been fully laid before Judge Phillips of the United States District Court at Kansas City in a proceeding brought against the Santa Fé and that they were disposed of by the court as follows:

"This instance has attracted considerable public attention because of the sensational association of the names of E. P. Ripley and Paul Morton, then president and vice president respectively of the defendant company, with the transaction. The record in this case, however, consisting of the pleadings and the exhibits of evidence taken before the interstate commerce commission, fails to furnish any foundation for imputing to those gentlemen any personal responsibility for the alleged violation of the interstate commerce law."

Are we to understand from your definition and your dealing that an "accomplished" newspaper man is one who conceals the truth and deceives his



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SUCCESSORS TO
Luke Kelly
SAN PEDRO, CAL.

readers? I say that you were aware of what I have mentioned because it was not only fully reported by the Associated Press, but it was also made the basis of official action by President Roosevelt, who communicated the decision to the Attorney General as a confirmation of their conclusions in the case, which official correspondence was likewise fully reported by the Associated Press. And yet you newspaper men pretend to want fair statements! Why don't you make some?

T. J. NORTON.

Los Angeles, March 7.
Bully for you, Mr. Norton, come again!

The Known Quantity and "X."

Mr. Joe Fellows, writes my yachting correspondent, backed "X" against the known quantity last Sunday, and lost. In his second race against Mr. Frank Garbutt's little yacht-racing machine he was hopelessly beaten. I say "hopelessly," because from the start to finish he was ahead only once, and that when a lucky shift of wind reversed the positions of the two boats, so that, from being several hundred yards to leeward, Mr. Fellows suddenly found himself that much to windward, and therefore ahead. He did not hold the advantage long, however, as Mr. Garbutt's boat was well in front when they rounded the first stake boat. Mr. Garbutt's boat comes from the Eastern Lakes, where they have reduced the building of this size of racing machine to an exact science. They know just exactly what beam and length to give a boat for a given amount of sail area, and the boat's lines are figured from precise mathematical data. If Mr. Joe Fellows had been allowed to carry all the sail that his boat would stand, and had not been made to change the concave stern, which he put on after the challenge was accepted, and had then raced under regular yacht club rules, he would have had to allow Mr. Garbutt's



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boat about three minutes over that course, but there is scarcely a doubt that he would have won. In yacht racing the larger boat that allows the smaller one time allowance has always the advantage, but when you cut down the sail plan of the larger boat and race against the smaller one on an even basis, the latter is almost certain to win. Mr. Fellows's boat had the power in her hull but not in her sails. Mr. Pugh, who crewed for Mr. Fellows, surpassed himself. His handling of the light sails was magnificent, and put to shame the professional on the other boat.

The McCarthy Company is opening its fifteenth tract in the great trend South on the New Moneta Avenue Car Line, and has christened the new property with the happy and euphonious title, The McCarthy Company's Greater Los Angeles Tract. All indications point to a rapid and successful sale.

Avalon's Transformation.

The Bannings are doing wonderful things to Avalon. The complaint has always been—at least for the last ten years—that the stem and center of the blessed, magic isle of Catalina was too congested; that in the summer, with five or six thousand people hiving the prado of Avalon, there was "barely room to turn around in." Three years ago the Bannings tried to correct this congestion by spending considerable sums of money at the Isthmus and by providing all sorts and kinds of attractions, ranging from B. Fay Mills to a merry-go-round, to induce campers and trippers away from Avalon. But the gregariousness of the human, and other races, is incorrigible. Mr. Bank Clerk and Miss Type Writer like to be

where the crowd is, and, curiously enough, even Mr. Retired Merchant and Madame Crème de la Crème also prefer to be where they can see and be seen. There is no accounting for tastes, and while some of us when holidaying may choose the seclusion of green fields and running water, or, perchance the top of a high mountain, we belong to that minority to which no public purveyor can afford to cater. Some day, undoubtedly, "the Isthmus" will be a great resort, rivaling Avalon as a center of joy and beauty limitless. But, for the present and for the crowd, the problem that confronted the Bannings was to relieve the congestion at Avalon.

Hancock Banning's Grand Dream.

It was Haneoek Banning, I believe, who evolved a scheme to fit the conditions. One night, while dreaming at Descanso, the lovely little bay next to Avalon, in which he has a summer home, or while steering the "Cricket" across the Catalina channel, Hancock saw a vision. In his dream he found the hills to the west of Avalon scaled by an angels' flight, up to the eminence that overlooks Lovers' Cove and down thereto—a most essential point in Catalina circumstance. From Lovers' Cove to Pebbley Beach, for years the Mecca of picnickers, is but an easy stroll, and was not Pebbley Beach designed, drafted and laid out by Nature and Neptune as an ideal amphitheater, to form a great playground for all that dwelt in Avalon or came to Catalina? Each of the four sides of hills that intervene, lo! they were terraced in comely fashion and speckled with pretty villas and delightful bungalows. This was Hancock's dream about a year ago. How near that vision is now realized you cannot guess unless you have been

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If you have furniture to buy, buy it now.

The sale will be continued during this month but we advise you to make an early purchase and take advantage of the great bargains now offered you.

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**The
Pacific Electric Railway**

to Avalon quite lately and taken a trip up and down the Island Mountain Railway and then that easy stroll from Lovers' Cove to Pebble Beach. The work was commenced last August and is now nearing completion. For seven months "the company" has employed over a hundred men with, I know not, how many teams, and the hills to the west of Avalon have been brought into subjection. A month ago as I viewed the triseeted hills for the first time I felt regret. Their natural beauty upon which I had long loved to look seemed despoiled. But I will now confess myself converted. This week under the best guidance of Messrs. Stanton and Shaw, the company's superintendent and assistant at Avalon, I was pioneered up and down the Island Mountain Railway, the same wonderful piece of engineering that has made the Rigi and the Jungfrau in Switzerland and our own Mount Lowe, accessible to the tenderfoot. No man, woman or child can take that all too brief but glorious trip without thanking God he or she is alive and that is the best and most fruitful of tonics. Personally I would like to make that journey every morning before breakfast, because it would both brace the appetite and lift up the soul. The beautiful bay of Avalon, peopled with busy fishermen, ardent golfers and leisurely holidaymakers, lies at your feet on one side and Lovers' Cove with all its allurements to your right. The ocean and the sunlight envelop your gaze, the hills and leaping with luxuriant verdure and—bah, I am getting important facts and poetry badly mixed. What I started out to write was that Hancock Banning's grand idea has tripled the capacity of Avalon, and these splendid terraces, commanding incomparable views and possessing most enviable building lots, are destined to increase the normal population of Avalon three or four fold. While Pebble Beach is being transformed into a magnificent playground for all sorts and conditions of pleasure-seekers, there will be ground enough for baseball, polo, tennis and trap shooting. There will be bowling alleys, a skating rink and a huge dancing pavilion. Now do you wonder that I am converted to the Island Mountain Railway, to the terracing of these hills and the transformation of Pebble Beach. Fifteen or twenty thousand people will soon be able to enjoy themselves where heretofore there was barely space for one-third that number. Nor can I doubt that this fine progressive movement of the Bannings will prove properly remunerative. It is something indeed to have a dream one summer and realize it the next.

RARE PAINTINGS.

The collection of Paintings owned by A. E. Schneider & Co. of Milwaukee, Wis., combined with that of Ray Skelton & Co. of Los Angeles, has brought together far too many pictures to be properly handled at their galleries on Mercantile Place, and in order to quickly reduce their stock they will offer at auction, without reserve, the entire collection of magnificent paintings, both water colors and oils. The artists represented in their combined collections are men of distinction, many of them medal winners and constant exhibitors at prominent galleries of Europe and America. The sale will commence Monday, March 12th, and continue during the week, (at 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.), at 221-223 South Broadway (Pashigan's Rug Store).

SKELETON & SCHNEIDER.

Deborah's Diary

My sole dissipation this week was yesterday, when in the charming company of a most musical friend I trolleyed to Pasadena, alighting at the Raymond Hotel and spending a rich hour sitting at the feet of Mrs. Crosby. Do you know that little gray woman, who for several seasons now has come to the Land of Sunshine during the winter and preached to a few faithful the great gospel of Wagner? She is indeed a wonderful little genius, and not only plays the piano, but handles her theme, like a master. She can crash a chord like a man, and I could shut my eyes and think that either Rubinstein's or Rosenthal's fingers must be at work!

On Wednesday morning at the Raymond the opera Mrs. Crosby selected was "Siegfried," and she gave us a stupendously moving and most brilliant conception of that great work. For the first time in my life I realized what "those divine fires" were; I appreciated Brünnhilde's anguish, and I seemed to know the great eternal tragedy that the poet-musician was always trying to depict. No matter what the mood of the master, Mrs. Crosby brought it home to us. When the birds were singing we could see their wings quiver with the gladness of song, and again, in the notes of the tragedy, the tremendous destiny of life—its thread of irony—was revealed to us. Years ago—and that, says Uncle Josephus, is so absurd for me to say—I heard dear Walter Damrosch interpret these wonderful Wagnerian works, but to me at least he never conveyed so full a message as did Mrs. Crosby last Wednesday morning. How complete is her mastery of the score was demonstrated by the fact that no music was set before her. I only wish that there had been more, or could be more, than the "few faithful" to listen to this rare gospel. We were all and only frail women, and what Mrs. Crosby taught and what Wagner meant might have done men even more good than it did us. And meanwhile there were but two or three youths and one gray-haired old gentleman near by. The former stood beyond the doors for curiosity, or what not, and the latter understood, to catch a few words and a few bars from that delicious and yet terrifying music.

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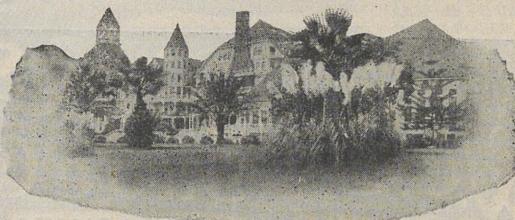
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I lunched today at the club and saw for the first time the new painting which the ladies, who enjoy extraordinary privileges in having a whole floor devoted to their use and for their comfort, have presented to the sterner sex as a memento of their gratitude. The painting is by Elmer Wachtel—an impressive water color portraying the wilderness and the verdure of the San Gabriel Cañon, so beloved by Mr. Henry O'Melveny and other poets. The painting is of a somber character, because the bed of the river is so wide and the ground has been thirsty for so long. It would be presumption for me, who know so little of art and the great paintings of the world, to suggest that the frame of this Wachtel painting is all wrong. It is a heavy bludgeon of dark grain, and thumps, as it were, the frailest picture. Surely it is a grievous mistake to overpower a painting with its frame. I noticed just the same error some years ago, when J. Bond Francisco's beautiful sunset painting of the Matilija was exhibited in the Blanchard building. That picture, I believe, was purchased by the late Mr. J. S. Slauson, and left by him to the California Club, but, unhappily for us, it reposes in those sacred precincts untrodden by French heels, in the men's annex. But it was a very sweet idea to present some token of our gratitude to our generous trousered lords, just to show how much we enjoy eating a lunch that costs at least a dollar, for which we only pay four bits!

Uncle Josephus was invited to the Busch-Scharrer nuptials in the Church of the Angels on the San Rafael ranch last week. He came around in his automobile, and insisted that I accompany him. I love that little church that nestles among the hills, and despite my Lenten vows against the wicked world and all its vanities, I consented to go. Uncle Josephus did not drive the machine himself, but sat behind with me, and talked all the way to Garvanza of the pomps and vanities of the twentieth century, of vulgar varieties and yellow journals, until I became very tired and begged him to turn his thoughts to the fresh green fields and budding poppies that were now inviting our view. But I, alas, became sardonic, too, when in the Church of the Angels, listening to the beautiful ritual of the Episcopal marriage service, I heard Lieutenant Scharrer, solemnly and rather heavily murmur to the bride, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Unconsciously my fingers strayed to the recesses of my reticule, where there was concealed one single little dark brown cent! They tell me it is a love match. I hope so, indeed, and if it were not for the explosion of truth that consumes my judgment, I would not dare to put this reflection on paper.

A number of my golfing friends returned this week from Catalina, where, they tell me, they had one ripe and glorious time. The hills were never happier, the lambs more festive, nor the salt water more refreshing. Unfortunately there were but four of our sex to compete for two prizes, and Mrs. Frank Griffith, who today has won her way into the very first rank of lady golfers, had hardly any competition worthy of the name. Unless Pasadena shows up strongly in the forthcoming women's championship, I fear there will be but a poor entry. Mrs. Jean Perkins, however, is practicing again, and though we shall miss Mrs. Will Bishop, who is now on her way to Japan, I hope Los Angeles will hold her own against the invading hosts of Pasadena, San Diego, et al.

DEB.

The season at Coronado this year promises to be a long one, and the time that will be given to the many enjoyable social affairs and the golf, tennis and other games and tournaments which occur in rapid succession to the middle of April, the dates for some of these events will be announced in the near future. Society and sport for the moment has acquired an added eclat in the recent innovation of the polo tournament and races which bids fair to be one of the most popular annual features of the Coronado Country club, and especially so, as a horse show is more than likely to be added to the event. Mr. A. E. Ashbrook, publisher of Bit and Spur, a magazine well and favorably known to all lovers of a horse and the only paper published in the interest of the horse that is edited by a woman, Miss Minnie McIntyre, is now at Coronado to assist Mr. Clayton, in organizing the horse show. Mr. Ashbrook has been for twelve years the secretary of the Kansas Horse Show association, and exhibited This-tledown, the world's champion four-year-old with a record. He is also secretary of the Los Angeles horse show which he helped organize, and which will hold their first horse show on April 11 to 14. Since coming to Coronado he has become a member of the Coronado Country club and hopes with his family to spend two or three months at that resort where Nature seems to be in her most fascinating mood. Mr. Ashbrook and his family spend their summers at the Glenwood Springs, where his favorite game, polo, is played the year round.

A large number of Los Angeles people are now at the Hotel del Coronado, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Clark, W. A. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Clark, Miss Florence Clark, the Misses Patterson, Mrs. D. W. H. Moreland, Miss Moreland, Mrs. W. F. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hosmer, M. Reynolds, Arthur Halliday, Mrs. A. W. Stone, Miss Stone, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. T. Jones and E. W. Davies.

Lyric Club Program
Simpson, March 15.

PART I.

The Fountain	Bartlett
Club.	
Crossing the Bar.....	Neidlinger
Club.	
Soprano Solo, All for You.....	Guy d'Hardelot
Miss Leonia Virginia Kellam.	
a. They Kissed, I Saw Them Do It.....	Froelich
b. Brier Rose	Jensen
c. Cupid Made Love to the Moon.....	Smith
Club, with Solo by Mrs. J. George Sloan.	
"Song of the Rhine-Nymphs" from Die Gotter-dammerung	Wagner
Club.	

PART II.

Duo, Kamennio Ostron	Rubinstein
Miss Mary L. O'Donoughue, Piano.	
Mrs. John Harris Chick, Organ.	
a. The Dragon Flies.....	Bargiel
b. Solveig's Song	Grieg-Lynes
Solo, Mrs. G. A. Crandall.	
Contralto Solo, A Summer Night...A. Goring Thomas	
Miss Kie Julie Christin.	
The Snow	Elgar
Club, with Violin Obligato by Miss Grace Dering.	
Boating Song	Spross
Club.	



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About Their Babies**

No. 14.

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Respectfully yours,

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Where Are They?

Mrs. Jack Jevne is visiting her sister, Mrs. Marix, in Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Snyder and Master Ross Snyder are at Ocean Park.

Count Axel Wachmeister has taken possession of his new bungalow at Hollywood.

Miss Florence Foy of San Rafael Rancho, is visiting in the North for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson leave shortly for New York en route for a European trip.

Mrs. W. P. Story of West Twenty-eighth street, is entertaining Miss Ella Arnold of Bozeman, Mont.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville E. Stone and Miss Elizabeth Stone of New York are expected in Pasadena shortly.

Mrs. Fred A. Walton, West Adams street, has left for a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Harold Prescott, of Oakland.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla and Miss McCalla, wife and daughter of Rear Admiral McCalla, are in Los Angeles for several weeks.

Mrs. Baker P. Lee, sr., is visiting her son, the Rev. Baker P. Lee, of 975 Hoover street, accompanied by her niece, Miss Bessie Booker, of Hampton, Va.

Mrs. Macdonald Sheridan, in company with her young daughter, has left for New York, en route to Paris, where she will continue her musical studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Huntington and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brooks-Perkins were in San Francisco this week to attend the Metcalf-Huntington wedding.

Mr. Richard Barry, the distinguished young war correspondent, and son of Mr. and Mrs. George Barry of Los Angeles, sails from Southampton for New York tomorrow.

Receptions, Etc.

March 2.—The Misses Lucy and Mary Clark, St. James Park; trolley party for Miss Hazeltine Sherman.

March 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, 416 North Broadway; dinner.

March 3.—Mrs. Albert Russell, 2226 Hobart boulevard; for Mrs. W. L. Hughson.

March 3.—Mrs. Randolph Miner, 649 West Adams street; luncheon for Mrs. Bowman McCalla.

March 4.—Mr. and Mrs. George Drake Ruddy, 2711 Wilshire boulevard; soirée.

March 5.—Mrs. Roth Hamilton, 1827 Union avenue; for Monday Musical Club.

March 5.—Mrs. Meredith P. Snyder, 1278 Ionia street; luncheon at the Ship Hotel, Venice.

March 5.—Miss Ruth McFarland, 2644 Portland street; dinner for Miss Evelyn Clay Prewitt and Mr. Harold Fletcher Elliott.

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Miss Parsons, Miss Dennen, Principals

March 6.—The Misses Edmiston, 1028 West Thirty-sixth street; for Miss Katherine E. Kendall.

March 6.—Mrs. Harold Braly, West Adams street; luncheon for Miss Edna Bumiller and Mrs. Howard Squires.

March 7.—Mrs. F. W. Flint, Chester Place; at home.

Anastasia's Date-book.

March 11.—Mrs. O. H. Burbridge, 2080 West Adams street; for Women's Press Club.

March 14.—Mrs. F. W. Flint, Chester Place; at home.

March 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Clarke; dinner-dance.

Recent Weddings.

March 6.—Miss Elizabeth Vincent Huntington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, to Mr. John Brockway Metcalf, in San Francisco.

March 6.—Mrs. Blanche C. D. Karte, to Col. George F. Cooke, U. S. A., at Riverside.

March 6.—Miss Evelyn Clay Prewitt, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Prewitt of Hermosa, to Mr. Harold Fletcher Elliott.

March 7.—Miss Clara Milner, daughter of Mrs. John Milner, West Washington street; to Mr. Frank McDonald.

Approaching Weddings.

March 20.—Miss June Hayson, daughter of Mrs. E. C. Hayson, 1236 South Grand avenue, to Mr. George J. Clark.

April 18.—Miss Hattie Saunders of Butte, Mont., to Mr. Wm. G. Nevin.

April 25.—Miss Edna Bumiller, daughter of Mrs. Bumiller-Hickey, 1049 Elden avenue, to Mr. Murray Sullivan of Salt Lake.

Engagement.

Miss Claudia E. Marsh, daughter of Mrs. M. F. Marsh of Hollywood, to Mr. Oliver G. Ross.



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R. A. ROTH, Agent, 301 Bradbury Building

LOS ANGELES

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:

I'm in a rather exalted mood, at this moment, for I have just sat through the enthrallment of Wagner's "Siegfried. No! no! the grand opera is not with us yet; but an able exponent, a "wunderschön," lady is, who takes you vividly through a whole opera without ever a note of song, or a sound of orchestration. She has a grand piano, a masterly soul and talent enough, or genius enough, to go round a whole family. Now I know you, my dear child, will ask, what on earth has that got to do with clothes?—things to wear and to envy? Things, don't you know, that would make the veriest dullard full of interest, were she of the female persuasion? So, I answer you thuswise—Pretty gowns, dainty Parisian creations, soft frou-frous and naughty frills here and there, have an awful lot to do with one's enjoyment of anything, and everything in this mundane life of ours. I am sure one could find it very easy to be good and kind, in one of Coulter's princess robes with their fitted girdles of real Irish lace and their be-tucked and lace inserted skirts. Coulter has some of the darlingest princess robes in silk and mull and soft chiffon, with the schrunchiest lace waists and most yielding girdles ever made. I saw one in pink silk crépe, with tucked and inserted lace skirt, and lace be-trimmed bodice that was a simple poem. Princess robes are good this year as you know, and Coulter leads by several lengths in these soft "all-of-a-piece," darling little garments; soft enough to pass through a wedding ring—I wonder if they always do?

There are so many beautiful things in the shops just now. The Boston Store has a brimful set of the loveliest silks you can imagine. My good friend, Mr. George Mackay, a most artistic person, has just returned from New York and you already see evidences of his taste. When you have a new Radia silk, with its soft sheen and body—double width, too—you have something not to be found elsewhere on the coast. "Queen Grey" is the color for this year's most seasonable garments. The Rajah silk is to be very much worn this season: soft and pliant and yielding, all of these lovely new materials—if one must use so common a word for so rare a thing

—were there; the Marquessette, the Radia, the finest and latest effects in Taffeta. A lovely silken thing known as "gun-metal" and, forsooth, almost anything else you can imagine, in the newest, latest, and prettiest of silken weaves—all, all, are to be found at the silk counter of the Boston Store.

Blackstone's, that fine old standard house, is showing some lovely new importations in ready-made gowns and suits. Dear little Eton and Pony jackets in softest silks, serges and broadcloths. The warm weather suggests white for coolth and comfort, and Messrs. Blackstone respond as usual.

I saw some really beautiful suits for street wear this week at the Ville de Paris, "Queen Grey" and "Alice Blue" still take the lead, as regards color, and I must say some of the Ville's new gowns, with their little Bolero, Eton, or Pony jackets, circular or pleated skirts, seemed to me almost too good to be true.

In lighter—or is it heavier?—vein, shall I tell you of the very nicest thing for our "men-children." Mr. George P. Taylor, at 525 South Broadway, is always right down to date with the correct thing at the right time. Hence he is showing some lovely new shirtings for golf, tennis or otherwise sporting outfits. Some beautiful bits of Madras linen, in every possible color I saw there, which were being converted rapidly into shirts for the "new man." And Mr. Taylor and all his staff were terribly busy rushing work for the Horse Show.

Of all the fascinating stores just now I do think those devoted to millinery—the really good ones, of course—take my fancy most. Don't you just love a new Hat, Harriet, and find it peculiarly difficult to avoid thinking about them during Lent? "Never the time and the place and the loved hat all together?" I can show you different, for Miss Swobdi of 555 South Broadway has only just returned from New York with trunks full of the most beautiful hat creations imaginable. You will no doubt see at least one of them at the Pasadena Horse Show this week, and, honestly, I never saw a more choice consignment. One of Swobdi's most attractive chapeaux was a gold-braided poem, inserted with beautiful jewels, and on one side drooping with ostrich plumes of white which coiled up at the back, and then chiffon and "illusion" puffs. It was quite the finest and the prettiest hat I have seen this season. Swobdi's taste is certainly excellent.

Always yours, even in sackcloth and ashes,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa St., March Eighth.

Lace Curtain Exhibit

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This display is made to give you a comprehensive view of the preparations we have made for spring business, and incidentally, it will be a revelation to many, of the modest prices at which these truly elegant foreign and domestic made curtains are obtainable.

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On the Stage and Off

The dramatized novel holds its own upon the stage, and the vexed question as to how much the enjoyment of the novel may be spoiled by witnessing it in play form is still unsolved. Experience demonstrates that it is impossible to make the incidents of the drama follow the story as originally published, as but few novelists know enough of the stage to provide for theatrical exigencies.

In "Richard Carvel," presented at the Burbank Theater this week by Mr. Moroseo's stock company, the novel of Winston Churchill has been dramatized by another hand, with the result, as stated by those acquainted with both story and play, that the latter is very disappointing. For those who are curious in the matter of comparisons, this may be a grievance, but for the proper enjoyment of theatrical fare it would seem the better plan not to indulge in comparisons at all, and in fact to abstain from the reading of the modern novel entirely.

Visiting the theater with the mind perfectly unbiased by preconceived notions of what is and what is not to be expected, one can enjoy the play on its own merits. Of course when historical characters are introduced we shall be influenced by our knowledge of them derived from reading, without reference to the novel. Thus, when Mr. Churchill is the cause of Mr. Rose putting Lord North, Charles James Fox, Horace Walpole and Paul Jones into a play, it becomes an arduous task for the unhappy gentleman selected to personate the distinguished originals, and for them to show any characteristics of even distant resemblance, not to mention the inappropriateness of dialogue that the great men are made to offer.

Judging Mr. Rose's play on its own merits, and without any reference to Mr. Churchill's work, which is unfamiliar to the present scribe, it would appear to consist of a tumultuous and ill-assorted series of incidents, without any connecting thread; valueless from a historical point of view, as a revelation of political events or picture of life and manners, and uninteresting as a story of the love affairs of a very frothy and spouting young gallant, personated by Mr. Desmond, and a rather sedate and quite mechanical maiden undertaken by Miss Blanche Hall.

The events depicted cover a period in American history from 1774 to 1777, but why the dramatist has chosen to introduce such characters as Lord North, Fox and Walpole, and make them talk nonsense, it is impossible to guess. They play no important part in the development of the story, such as it is, and the actors who personate them are not to be blamed for their inability to suggest an excuse for their presence in the play.

Mr. Desmond, as the leading man, wears some very fine clothes of the period and looks like a dashing buck, but the author makes him rant, and it must be admitted that he goes the limit in that direction, to the apparent risk of splitting his throat at times. When this actor is older he will regret the unscientific and reckless method that he uses now in his declamation. And while on this subject, would it be possible to induce Mr. Desmond not to say "me" on every occasion when he has to say "my?"

The period of this play affords a splendid opportunity for the actor, who has studied and made

proper preparation for his profession, to depict the life and manners of the times, which were much more artificial than those of the present century. It is of little use to put on appropriate costumes if the wearer does not know how to carry them, nor to demean himself as a gentleman of the period represented. The ability to do this correctly imparts an atmosphere to a play that conveys an impression of reality, and wanting which the men are but puppets of the stage manager. The only actor in this Richard Carvel play who showed an understanding of the fact that he was supposed to be living and moving in the society of a century and a quarter ago was Harry Mestayer, whose role as an Englishman of rank, while not very important in the conglomerate story, was yet made to stand out prominently as well by the spontaneity and grace of action as by the delivery of his lines, which were rendered with an ease and clarity quite unusual upon the stage of today. It was a pleasant incident in an otherwise futile attempt on the part of the players to sustain interest in the drama.

The Duke of Mr. Homans, rough and unattractive, coarse and brutal as he was pictured, yet did not act up to the description of him given by the other characters. His "malignant eye" was not in evidence, nor did his rude advances disturb the sweet serenity of Miss Hall, whose interest in her part appeared to be of a perfumery kind.

The piece is very prettily mounted, and, in fact, the management appears to have spared no pains nor expense in providing a large company of competent people, and in providing stage appointments of a complete kind.

One or two details might be made more complete. For instance, Mr. Desmond lights a candle with a lucifer match in 1777, which is a considerable anticipation of their invention, as matches were not introduced until 1834. Letters and documents, too, brought into the play should be something better than pieces of blank paper.

That "Richard Carvel" is highly relished and applauded by large audiences must be highly satisfactory to the manager, whose liberality in catering to his public finds practical recognition, and it is not his fault that the work of Mr. Rose, dramatist, is not of higher literary value.

The music furnished by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Bierlich is very pleasing, the selections from "The Bohemian Girl" this week are quite attractive.

At the Mason "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" is making many new friends this week, and at the Belasco Barnum and the excellent stock company are covering themselves with glory in a revival of "Old Heidelberg."

GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

A pleasing incident, forming a pleasant resting place from earnest labors, occurred on Thursday evening at the rehearsal by the Los Angeles Choral Society of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." On behalf of the society and as a tribute of their appreciation for the unselfish and arduous efforts of Conductor Julius A. Jahn, in the absence of Vice-President, Prof. Shepardson, the Hon. A. T. Van Sickle in a brief but hearty address presented to Mr. and Mrs. Jahn a silver loving cup, suitably engraved, accompanying it by the explanation that the

three handles typified the conductor, his good wife and the society, all bound to the cup, representing the common aims and hopes of the three. Mrs. Jahn, who has so heartily seconded her husband's efforts, already had been made an honorary member of the society, and had been given one of its unique pins as evidence of her right. The response of the recipients was appropriate but brief, as they tried to voice the expression of their hearts, to the reminder of affection and regard.

Mr. H. E. Earle will give the song cycle, "In a Persian Garden," in Pasadena at the Shakespeare Club House next Monday night. The singers will be Mrs. Beatrice Hubbell Plummer, soprano; Miss Frieda Koss, contralto; Mr. Tom Karl, tenor; Mr. H. S. Williams, basso, and Mr. Henry Edmond Earle at the piano. This will be the fifth time Mr. Earle has given this cycle in Pasadena.

For social parties, receptions, amateur performances, lectures, dances, etc., Dobinson auditorium is the best and most elegantly equipped place in town. It is admirably located at 1044 South Hope street, convenient to all lines of cars. An inspection is invited.

Trusty Tips to Theater Goers

Mason.—Charles B. Hanford commences an engagement of three nights next Thursday and will present two of the masterpieces of the Shakespearean drama, "Othello," on Thursday and Saturday night and "The Taming of the Shrew" Friday and Saturday matinée.

Morosco's.—The great success of "Richard Carvel" this week will be succeeded next Sunday by something quite different, the always popular Hoyt farce, "A Texas Steer." Blanche Hall should make an admirable "Bossy."

Belasco's.—"Old Heidelberg" has been so tremendously popular that it was found impossible to accommodate all who wished to see it in a single week. The charming idyll of German student life will therefore continue throughout next week.

Orpheum.—Sherman, De Forest and company will present their hilarious burlesque, "The Fall of Poor Arthur." McCue and Cahill, Irishmen with Italian voices, will sing operatic selections. The Rooney sisters, daughters of Pat the unforgettable, will be the third representatives of the family to charm with their hereditary talent in dancing. Al Carlton, "The Skinny Guy," is said to be a monologist of striking appearance, being one of the narrowest men in the world. Herrmann the Great will give a new set of illusions, and the Three Seddoms in their plastic poses, Rosaire and Doretto "The Captain and the Tar" and new motion pictures will complete the bill.

Grand.—Daphne Pollard, smallest and youngest prima donna in the world, will fill the leading roles in the forthcoming productions to be given by the Pollard Lilliputian Opera company. Daphne is just passing nine years and in her case it is allowable to reveal the age which would not be quite the proper thing to do in regard to some of her more mature rivals. When Miss Daphne enters before the footlights she casts the same withering look of disdain

in response to the admiring glance from the diminutive members of the "back row" in her organization as do adult stars. She is a vest pocket edition of Lillian Russell.

Hotchkiss.—Hoyt's "A Tin Soldier," with Lottie Kendall as a Harlem flat slavey, will be given a week's presentation, commencing with a matinée Sunday. Mr. Pitkin will appear as Rats, and Mr. West as Vilas Canby.

With the principal players and a large chorus to give the proper musical mounting, the Hoyt pieces are sure to be successful. After "A Tin Soldier," the comic opera, "Little Christopher" will be given for a week, to be followed by Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag," "A Rag Baby," and "A Midnight Bell."

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MC CUE & CAHILL, The Irishmen With the Italian Voices
ROONEY SISTERS, Daughters of Pat—Singers and Dancers
AL CARLETON, "The Skinny Guy"
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In the Musical World

A man may do a thing once and well and get a certain amount of credit for it; but if he does it ten or a dozen times in good order, it becomes an old story, and people take it for granted that he will keep it up, and continually meet the standard he has set. At least so it seems about the organ recitals "Archie" Sessions is giving at Christ Church every week. Organists who have attended these affairs report that he is doing a good work for himself and his listeners, and I only hope his head will not be turned by the pretty things the young ladies say about him—and of course to him—for I hear the young man is fairly susceptible to feminine charms, though so far art is reputed to be his only mistress.

It seems strange to me that none of the erudite musical critics of the daily press have discovered this series of recitals. While in an English city such might be passed over in silence because of their very frequency, this is not the case in American cities, I find. In few places is a regular series of organ recitals conducted, with little recompense and free to him who chooses to make it so, as in these at Christ Church.

Next to the orchestra comes the organ. The orchestra presents the full palate of oils glowing in every tint; the organ follows apace with the complement of water colors, let us say; the piano has tints of but one color, and that rather cold, and the violin has shadings of a warmer one. If one can not hear an orchestra frequently, the organ comes as a good second, and, besides this, it has its own particular repertoire, and one not much exploited.

Like certain other music, one must be in the right state of mind to listen to it—or approximate that state as quickly as possible. It is largely contemplative, often religious, in nature. To thoroughly enjoy its moods one must lay aside the strife of business and scramble of social life, and become for the time being contemplative and receptive. Perhaps in this necessity for the full enjoyment of organ music is found the reason for the large preponderance of women in organ recital audiences. Los Angeles organists have been rather derelict in living up to the possibilities of their profession, and in doing that public work the performance of which is its own repayment—for an organist can not advance in musical stature by his weekly church performances alone.

From this dearth of organ concerts the weekly offering of Mr. Sessions is all the more to be noted, and I commend the musical of the community, plus the musical critics, to hie themselves to Christ Church a-Wednesdays and hear a sermon in tones, a sermon in which the rector may be seen sitting in the last pew listening as carefully as he would have his parishioners do to him.

Apart from the symphony concert, the musical doing of the week that is worthy of notice was the concert given in the Lott-Rogers (or Lott-Lott series, which is it?) given at Dobinson Hall. The musical week of the Graphic runs from Wednesday to Wednesday, and as a journal of this character can not be constructed over night, as is the hastily flung together daily newspaper, comments on some affairs unavoidably appear later than one might wish. And

though it is a little late in the day, I want to say as nice a word as I know how about the performance of the trio composed of Mrs. Lott, Messrs. Krauss and Opid. They played the second of the Mendelssohn trios and the Tschaikowsky trio, with a Handelian concerto for violoncello played by Mr. Opid. This gentleman is a type of European artist. He loves his instrument, plays it like a master, and is seldom seen without it. No one ever hears of his being at any kind of a function unless his services are required, and he doesn't seem to care a rap whether anyone else likes his music or not, and less still as to what the newspapers say about him. Mr. Krauss has become more Americanized in the latter respect, though he is no less the artist than Mr. Opid.

The bright, fresh strains of the Mendelssohn trio contrasted nicely with the more somber and intense measures of Tschaikowsky. It was a good idea to give the two works, representative of so entirely different schools, in this juxtaposition, and the only regret is that such a small audience was benefited. The moneyed people are kind enough to the enterprise to buy season tickets, but are not kind enough to themselves to sit through three sonatas. In fact, money and sonatas seem to affiliate about as easily as oil and water.

It is a pity that more music students can not hear these trio and quartet concerts. For there is a certain percentage—but a very small one, it must be admitted—that learns something of the history and form of music. They really know that Haydn was the precursor of Beethoven, and that the spinet was the forerunner of the piano; also get an idea that Wagner did not write the "Messiah." One can study years about the structure of music and its history and still lack the real thing. Studying about music and studying music are two different things. They should be combined, to make the knowledge and appreciation complete. Reading a description of a great musical work is generally about as dry a performance as can be imagined; but hearing that work may offer the greatest aesthetic pleasure.

Studying about music is like getting second-hand ideas of anatomy—absolutely necessary, but not entertaining; hearing the living works themselves is like meeting the most enjoyable persons one can imagine. The opportunities to hear these greater examples of chamber music are so few that it is a pitiable comment on the interest the local student world takes in the highest forms of the art it professes to study, this meager attendance.

Or is it a comment on the student pocketbook? I think it may be something of the latter. If the size of the audience room permit and the missionary spirit of the concert given is sufficiently developed, it would be a good idea to place on sale student tickets at about one-third the usual rates, provided that each purchaser of such be equipped with a statement from his teacher that he is a *bona fide* student of music, not simply an amateur who wishes cheap admission. Mr. Behymer is doing something in this line in his student rates to artists' recitals, but the reduction is not great, or safeguarded with sufficient restrictions to have large application. At any rate, this plan is submitted to givers of serious concerts, such as the Lott series, where the music and not the musician is the price element of consideration.

Director Hamilton offered a program last week in the symphony series that ought to have been satis-

factory to any student or dilettante attendant, and certainly the Mozart "Jupiter" symphony would appeal to the classical taste. The program was rather warlike—with the Kaiser march at the opening and the "1812" overture for a finale. It is too late to speak in detail of the performance save to say that I had one hope that has not been fulfilled, and that was that Harley Hamilton and Director Ferullo of the Ellery Band would go through the brother-making ceremony of the Indians ere the latter departed for the East to wed that alluring creature whose picture was in the Graphic recently.

You will remember that some of the Indian tribes used the ceremony of two friends drinking a bit of each other's blood, and thus becoming fraternal in body as well as spirit. Now what a fine thing it would have been for these leaders to have infused their diverse merits in this way. This is what they would have gained: Mr. Ferullo would come to modify his ardent gesticulation, he would gain dignity, nor in this would he need to sacrifice the spirit or fire of his conducting; he would become less of a sideshow—which of course the scholarly Channing Ellery would prefer—and more of an exponent of learning and less of the delineator of the *con fuoco* spirit of Italian music.

Per contra, Mr. Hamilton would acquire more brilliancy and verve in the performances of movements which permit this spirit. There would not be that good-natured moderation of pace that sometimes obtains in the orchestral performances. What called this to mind was the deliberate amble of certain movements in the Jupiter symphony and the Peer Gynt suit at this concert. No one would desire that Mr. Hamilton should become a musical pyromaniac, or that he should add a Delsartean exhibit to the concerts, but more life and motion occasionally in the slow movements would not be amiss.

I see the Los Angeles S. P. C. C. had a luncheon Saturday, quite a social function, I understand. Perhaps you did not know there is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in this burg, but there is; the luncheon proved it. And at the same time there was being given on the stage of Blanchard Hall an exhibition of cruelty to children that should land its promoter—the mother of the Berlino tots—in the guardhouse. The oldest boy, who is aged eight and has to stand up to reach the keyboard, gave a remarkable exhibition of piano technic, playing such things as the Weber Perpetual Movement, and the Sonata Pathetique rondo with a wonderful skill for his years; his brothers, aged five and three and

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a half, also played, and the latter midgets were put through an excruciating category of interrogations as to the capitals of the states, the presidents, and their terms of office, and phrases in foreign languages.

Think of it—this the daily menu for a child of five! The elder lad has the technic of Otto Hegner or Josef Hoffman in their youthful days, but he is crowded and crammed so full of notes that there is no chance for the development of a musical spirit such as Hoffman's. If some sane and less ambitious mother had the control of the child for the next ten years, he might develop into an artist instead of the anemic and over-forced person he will probably become. There is work for the S. P. C. C. to do!

Overheard at the symphony: "I say, Clara, I can't keep it up any longer. The program says '1812' overture, and I don't believe they counted right. They have been playing five minutes and I counted 2347 notes, and I am too tired to keep it up. It seems to me they should count their notes right before they label the piece. It seems to me Mr. Kubel ought to have gotten the right number, even if Mr. Hamilton missed it."

Among the few local singers heard by Mme. Gadski when she was here was Mrs. Frank Colby. The great artist stated to her friends later that Mrs. Colby's voice was one that would repay the highest cultivation. I am listening now to hear of the genial Frank's resignation from his organ bench to carry the soprano of his household to Europe. But it seems to me Mrs. Colby has chosen the better part—home, friends, child, husband, happiness. What European concert début could make up for the sacrifice of part of these?

Now that Harry Barnhart has resigned as director of the Apollo Club in favor of Henry Schoenfeld, there arises a memory of a saying of Mr. Jahn's last summer to the effect that if Barnhart would resign from the Apollo, Jahn would lay down the baton of the Choral Society, and the two could be merged under a third director. Well—Barnhart has resigned. Your move, Mr. Jahn.

A. SHARP.

Notes.

The Lyric Club will give its second concert of the season next Thursday evening, March 15, at Simpson Auditorium, when the following program will be presented, performed exclusively by the members, under the direction of Prof. J. P. Poulin:

Mr. Edwin H. Clark's "Romance," written especially for Ellery's Italians, will be performed for the first time by the band tomorrow (Saturday) evening at Venice.

One of the rare musical attractions of local significance will be the farewell recital to be given by Miss Isabella Curl at Simpson Auditorium the evening of April 17. Miss Curl, although considered a finished musician, and one of the best sopranos here, has arranged to go to Italy for a three years' study under the greatest masters of tone production in that country. The assisting artists will be Mr. Charles Bowes, baritone, Miss Marie Thresher, violinist, Mrs. Vaughn-Dawes, a reader of London, England, Miss Marie R. Robbins, and Miss Blanche Williams Robinson, pianist.

**Raoul Pugno**

The announcement of Raoul Pugno's approaching visit gives unalloyed pleasure to piano students and exponents. Pugno comes for two concerts on the evening of March 20 at Simpson Auditorium and for a matinée Saturday, March 24. Pugno is a pianist of the broadest attainments, Gallic by birth and environment, but a complete cosmopolite in everything appertaining to his art. His musical scheme embraces practically everything written for piano, from the early clavicymbal period up to the ultra-modern school, with its orchestral flavoring. He treads even the byways of piano literature, and has brought to the attention of the American public full many a French melodic flower which, as far as other players are concerned, might have been allowed forever to blush unseen. This very trait was exhibited by Pugno when the New York Philharmonic Orchestra invited him to play at one of their concerts this winter. "Delighted," replied Pugno, "and I shall make the occasion a signal one, and show my appreciation by presenting to the New York public a Cesar Franck work for piano and orchestra which is practically unfamiliar in your city, and should therefore be of the greatest possible interest to your audience, amateur and professional."

Kubelik, the famous violinist, is one of Mr. Beymer featured attractions during this month of March. His program for America will demonstrate his mastery of the two extremes of violin literature, the classics, with its beauty of melody and depth of feeling, and the modern romantic, with its elaborate scheme of harmonization and astounding technical difficulties. Among Kubelik's favorite compositions in the former class are Beethoven Concerto, and Mozart's D Major Concerto, in the interpretation of both of which he is considered without a peer today. Works of Paganini, Wieniawski, Ernst, Vieuxtemps and Tartini should reveal the sensational features of Kubelik's playing—the digital dexterity and the technical control which make him deserve to be called wizard.

THE CECILIAN

The Perfect Piano Player

Human interpretation of music is bounded by more limitations than most people are aware of. The virtuoso who exquisitely plays the "Moonlight" Sonata of Beethoven would be at a loss to charm a ragtime-craving audience, whilst some, quite ordinary musicians, who could not attempt the classic, can electrify their listeners with such a melody as "Coon, Coon, Coon." There is a mighty difference between the "Magic Fire Scene" from Die Walkure and the "Irish Washerwoman," but correct and satisfactory renditions of each are possible when the Cecilian Piano Player is used. With the Cecilian anyone can play any music desired without previous experience or musical knowledge. Price \$275.

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English Literature and its Interpretation, The Speaking Voice, Physical Culture and Dramatic Art. Languages—Singing—Piano

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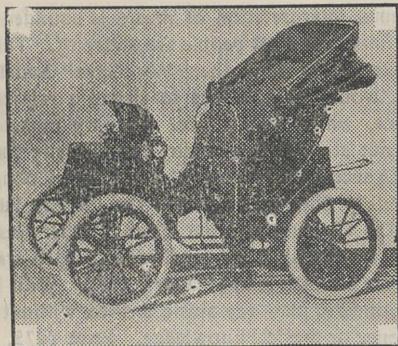
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**Handsomest Finished, Best
Appointed, Finest Controlled
Electric Car made in America.**

Also Handling Columbia Gasoline
24-28 and 40-45 Horse Power Cars,
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Autocar, 10-12 Horse Power,
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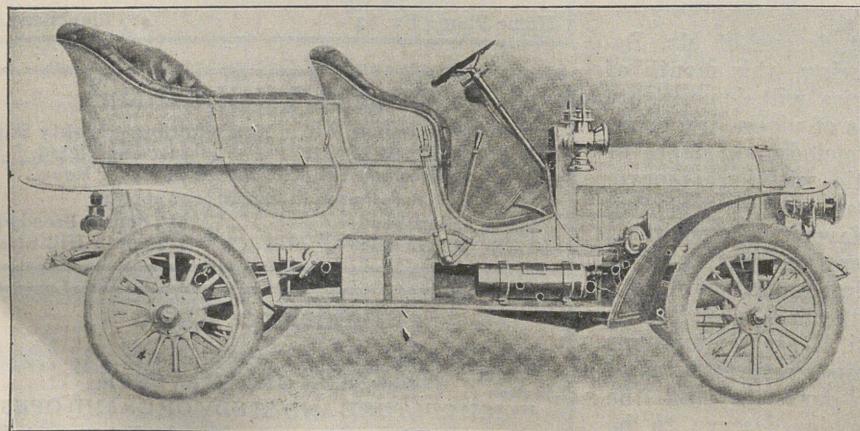
Sunset Main 8009
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Middleton Motor Car Company
1032 South Main Street

Automobile dealers are enthusiastic over racing since the successful events of last week, and as a result races will be held here at rather frequently recurring intervals. In fact, the scenes of last week will be repeated at Agricultural Park either next Sunday or a week from Sunday, when "Whistling Billie," "Grey Hound," and other cars which tore around the track a few days ago will try to outdo past performances. But the real treat in this line will be held off until May, perhaps Fiesta week, when a premier race tournament will be held at Agricultural Park, with racing for three days. Barney Oldfield will at that time greet his old friends in this city, and will endeavor to establish a few new world's records, or let "Whistling Billie" do it with his assistance. Oldfield will drive his "Green Dragon," built with the especial end in view of annihilating time, and making slow people feel nervous. With Oldfield and his "Green Dragon" will come a pacemaker, but this car isn't capable of skimming the cream off the milk as the car Oldfield drives, it is said. There will be other racing cars in that contest, and with favorable weather some new track records should be established. There will be some speedy Pope-Toledos, Thomases and Appersons in Los Angeles by that time, and a car that can't whiz around the oval at the rate of a mile a minute will be classed as a rank outsider, or some such thing.

The only reason a better showing wasn't made during the recent races, Captain Ryus assures me, is that Jupiter Pluvius butted into the game, Saturday, and spilled some dampness on the track Saturday and Sunday which put things rather to the bad. Some people, however, think that cars are "going some" when they can hit the high places on a wet track at the rate of a mile in 58 seconds. I was rather under that impression myself, Saturday last. It also appeared to me that when motorcycles get so that they can tear off miles in 1:15 without breaking anything, that they are also traveling a bit. The motorcycle races were certainly interesting events.

The STODDARD-DAYTON



HAS TAKEN LOS ANGELES
BY STORM

"It's as good as it looks."
The Parlor Car of Motor Cars.

We won the Pasadena-
Altadena "Hill-Climb."

\$2400 Takes it Complete

J. F. BILL & CO., Agents
HARRY L. OLIVE, Manager, N. W. Cor.
10th and Main Streets

"Racing is good for the game," declared Captain Ryus, in discussing last week's races. "If the meets are made to pay expenses, the dealers are satisfied, for the races stimulate general interest in automobiling, and they advertise our cars for us. Such men as Barney Oldfield are in it for money, of course, but the men who manage these race meets are well satisfied if they come out even. It boosts the game."

After "Whistling Billie" gets through here, Bert Dingley proposes to take his speedy steamer on a triumphant tour of the coast, racing at Fresno, Bakersfield, San Jose, San Francisco, and even going so far north as Portland. "Whistling Billie" is a scientific racing car, built by the White company. In appearance it resembles somewhat an inverted torpedo boat with wheels. The thing about it which seems to please the crowds most, however, is that it tears over the ground at terrific speed without making any fuss. There is not the deafening noise made by the gasoline motor cars. The car sails down the track like a bird, and with almost incredible speed.

J. W. Willeox & Son, agents for the Maxwell car, declare that they cannot take care of the demand for their cars. Last week a shipment of Maxwells was received, but these disappeared like the proverbial hot cakes, and another carload was expected to be received this week. The carload received last week was of "Tourabouts," and was sold out within twenty-four hours of receipt. This car is advertised as the "perfectly simple and simply perfect car."

F. A. Bennett is on pretty good terms with Mr. Bennett this week. He thinks that the Standard Motor Car Co., F. A. Bennett, Southern California manager, is all right, and the same of the Ford automobile, which defeated the Reo in an intensely interesting and close race at Agricultural Park, Saturday. In seven races the Ford took four firsts and three second places, and establishing a new record for light stripped cars, making a mile in 1:09 3-5. Mr. Bennett announces the agency for the 1906 Acme. Every bit of this car is manufactured at the Standard Car Company's factory. There is a year's guarantee with every car. Type XIV is a five passenger tonneau four cylinder 30-35 horsepower car, with speed limit of fifty miles an hour. Type XV is a seven passenger touring car, four cylinder, 40-45 horsepower, with speed limit of sixty miles an hour.

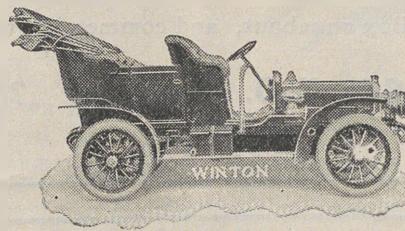
With a dozen customers waiting for a Marion, what wonder that the Southern California Motor Car Company (Inc.), should also be anxiously awaiting the arrival of the first carload of these autos? This company seems to have made a particularly inauspicious beginning this season, for although it handles two cars, neither car had put in a "first appearance" at the beginning of the present week. The first shipment of Grout automobiles is expected here about March 10. In the meantime, the Southern California Motor Car Company is doing a handsome second hand business. So it's an "ill wind that blows nobody good," after all.

"There's a gathering of the faithful" on South Main street, whither many of the automobile dealers

WINTON

1906

Model K



Price

\$2650

===== DELIVERED AT ONCE =====

Large and increasing sales attest the great and growing popularity of the best Automobile made, which is the—Model K.

One demonstration will convince the most exacting critic of the truth of every claim made regarding this, the "Perfect Car." For Safety, Strength, Control, Speed, Luxuriousness, Easy Riding the "Winton" has no equal.

Agents

"House
of Winton"

Success Automobile Company

H. M. FULLER
Manager.

Home 4659, Main 2075

420-22 South Hill Street,

Los Angeles, Cal.

who have been doing business on other thoroughfares are flocking. Among these are E. Jr. Bennett, who has taken his Wayne cars to 1203 South Main street; J. M. Pawley, who sells Peerless cars and gets his mail at 1205-1207 South Main street; Harry L. Olive, who has life sized Stoddard-Daytons for sale at Tenth and Main streets; the Middleton Motor Car Company, which displays Columbias, Victorias and Autocars at 1032 South Main street; W. Cosby, 1042 South Main street, where are to be found the Premier cars; the Elmore Automobile Co., Elmore autos, 957 South Main street, and some others. In addition to these, there are several agencies which always have been on Main street. Newmastic tire filler is obtainable at the California Newmastic Tire Company's place at 1040 South Main street.

There's "trouble on the wire," for J. A. Rosesteel, the jolly gentleman who sells Haynes cars at 651 South Broadway. This trouble lies in the fact that he can't get cars for his customers. He's had some cars, but he hasn't been able to get enough. Mr. Rosesteel threatens to charter a special train and make a pilgrimage back to the factory and help himself if something doesn't happen directly. It makes one nervous to have a customer waiting to

hand his cash over to you, and then not be able to deliver the goods, just because your cars are so popular the factory can't send 'em fast enough. Oh, well, there are others in the same predicament.

The Southern California Motor Car Co., 200-212 East Ninth street, received a shipment of Marion model 5's early this week, if things went as per schedule. The model 5 Marion sells for \$2650. It carries five passengers, is thirty horsepower, has four cylinders and is air cooled. This is the first shipment of this model to be received. The Southern California Motor Car Company is also handling the Grout car this year, a shipment of which is expected to arrive the latter part of March. The Grout is a large touring car of 30-35 horsepower, and sells for \$2650.

"There are tricks in all trades but mine," sings Ralph Hamlin, "and I use diplomacy." When I first heard the chorus of this song, I went to "Brother Ralph" and asked an explanation. "Last Tuesday," began the man who trades in Franklin cars, "I received three carloads of model G's. No, they were not all spoken for before they arrived. But the demand is very good, and getting better every day. Pretty soon the automobile season will

1906 THE NEW OLDSMOBILE 1906

SHIPPED AND ON THE ROAD

YOU SHOULD INVESTIGATE OUR NEW MODELS BEFORE YOU BUY

The Model S, 4 cylinder, Palace Touring Car, Seats 5 Passengers, 30 H. P., 106 inch Wheel Base, \$2400.

The Model L, 2 cylinder, 2 cycle, Touring Car, Seats 5 Passengers, 20-24 H. P., 102 in. Wheel Base.

The most talked of car in America.

These along with our new Piano Box runabout, and commercial vehicles will make up our 1906 line.

WHITE GARAGE, H. D. Ryus, Mgr. 712 S. Broadway

Main 1856 Home 2686

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PEERLESS

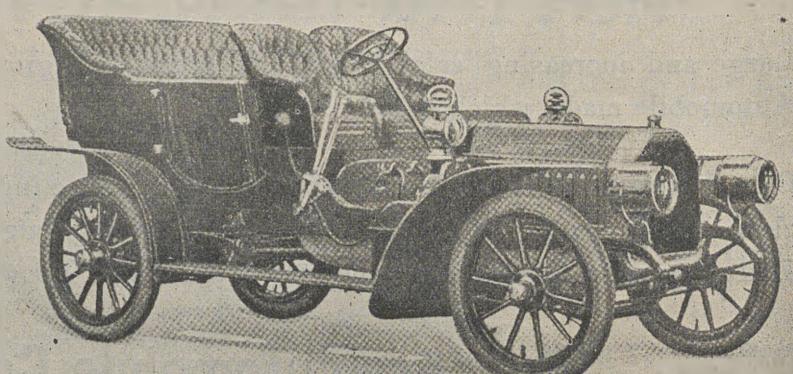
AMERICA'S
HIGH GRADE
MOTOR CAR

\$3,900

\$5,150

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J. M. PAWLEY, Agent



1205-1207
So. Main St.

open up in the East with a bang, and then it won't be so easy to get all the cars I need. So I am getting in a stock of them now. You see, the Franklin is a popular car at a popular price." And there's the situation in a nutshell. Hamlin is laying aside a buzz cart now and then for a dry day. In the meantime, Franklins have recently been purchased by C. L. Holmes of Redlands, who got a model G at \$1950; Dr. Dudley Fulton, who bought a runabout, and W. E. Hoffman.

Autocar demonstrators were received last Monday by the Middleton Motor Car Company, 1032 South Main street. Sales are merely a matter of the future. This company has sold to Mrs. H. M. Robinson of Pasadena a Victoria car. Business is good.

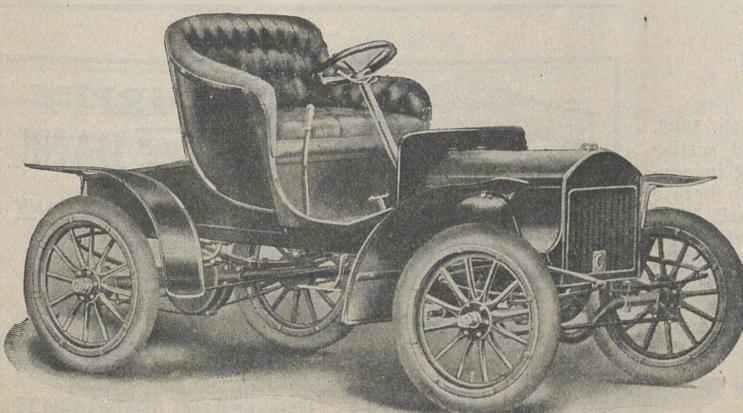
Manager D. M. Lee of the Cadillac can feel highly gratified with the completion and admirable appearance of his extensive garage, which with its central location at 1218-1220 South Main street, will no doubt prove quite a handy place for disabled motorists to reach. Mr. Lee will leave in a few days for Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside and Pomona, to establish sub-agencies, he having received word from the Detroit manufacturers that from now on cars will be shipped just as soon as orders are received.

It looks as though touring between here and San Francisco will soon become a popular diversion, aside from the fact that the man of affairs can also take this method of transacting his business ventures. Mr. W. J. Landon, the well known insurance man of San Francisco, after coming this way with his family, in a 40-45 horsepower Columbia, returned today by the same route, and speaks quite highly of the pleasure the trip afforded. W. W. Van Arsdale, the lumber king of Mendocino County, will also be this way in a few days, Manager Gouty of the Columbia motor car having received word from the San Francisco house to be on the lookout for Mr. Van Arsdale, in case any repairs are necessary on his arrival.

Another striking example was given a few days ago at San Francisco of the many and varied uses to which the automobile will be put to in the near future. It is the novel scheme of Manager Walter

Lawrence of the "Woodland" company which has just closed its successful engagement at the Columbia theater to tour the Pacific Coast states. Reducing the company's transportation expenses to a minimum, while giving the company a keen taste of rough and ready outdoor life are the main features of Mr. Lawrence's pet hobby. In order to demonstrate the feasibility, arrangements were made with the northern "House of Winton" for a number of the model K's, and the entire company with their necessary baggage will soon be on the road to all points within the state. In speaking of the plan the manager of one of the well known road-shows who was with Mr. Lawrence at the time, said: "I consider it quite practical and I am also seriously thinking of adopting automobiles for this purpose. We find that for one-night stands the expense would be much less than paying railroad fare and we would not have to resort to special train service or take trains at inconvenient hours as is necessary on most Western roads. I am convinced on account of the simplicity of handling the Winton car it will only be necessary to carry one extra man, a mechanician to look after the machines, as we know the members of our own company can operate the machine with very little instruction. With a dozen machines we can carry our entire company and when the company makes an eastern tour, making jumps to Salt Lake City, Omaha or Denver, we could then pile the machines on a special train. I think it is only a question of a very little time till the automobile will be put in common use by the theatrical profession.

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES ~
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.
Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Sts.



This beauty is our 16 H. P. Runabout, engine under hood, shaft drive, \$900

WAYNE TOURING CARS

60 H. P., seats 7, \$3650 28 H. P., seats 5, \$2150

40 H. P., seats 5, \$2650 24 H. P., seats 5, \$1400

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Los Angeles

No. 287.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 2nd, 1906.

Notice of Application for United States Patent.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Act of Congress, approved May 10th, 1872, William B. Wall, President and the duly authorized agent to apply for U. S. Patent for THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY, a corporation, whose post office address is Santa Ana, California, the said THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY being the owner of the PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, has made application for patent for said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, said claim being a placer situated in the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District, County of Los Angeles, State of California, being the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, of Section 18, T. 3 North, Range 15 West, S. B. M., according to the U. S. Government survey, containing forty (40) acres.

Said claim is bounded on the north and east by patented lands of John W. Saunders, on the south by patented lands of the Pacific Coast Oil Company and on the west by patented land of Martin Clint.

The notice of location of said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM is of record in the office of the Recorder of Los Angeles County, in Book 3 of Mining Locations, page 224, and in the records of the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District in Book "F" of said records, page 170, Los Angeles County, California.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground above described, or any portion thereof, are hereby notified that unless their adverse claims are duly filed as according to law and the regulations thereunder, within the time prescribed by law, with the Register of the U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, they will be barred in virtue of the provisions of said statute.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

It is hereby ordered, that the foregoing notice of application for patent be published for nine consecutive weeks in the Graphic, a weekly newspaper published in the City of Los Angeles, State of California.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

March 10-9t

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., February 28th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on April 14th, 1906, viz.: Rufus Clayton White, Homestead Entry No. 9407, for the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 25, W. $\frac{1}{2}$ of N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ and N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 36, Township 1, N., R. 17 W., S. B. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.:

Philip Lesueur, Sr., of Calabasas, Cal.
Philip Lesueur, Jr., of Calabasas, Cal.
William C. Masson, of Los Angeles, Cal.
C. F. Greenleaf, of Santa Monica, Cal.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

March 10-5t

Financial

Train & Williams of Los Angeles, architects, announce that working specifications for concrete work for the First National Bank building of Long Beach are completed. Bids for this work will soon be opened. Within the next two weeks they will be ready to submit plans and specifications for the steel work of the structure.

James W. Keene of San Francisco is at Colton representing I. W. Hellman, with a view to establishing a bank there. Negotiations are now under way for the purchase of a location for a bank building.

The First National Bank of Wickenburg, Ariz., a member of the Clearinghouse Association. This bank was organized from the Manhattan Savings Bank and Los Angeles Bank at Sixth and Spring streets.

John A. Pirtle is looking for a suitable location for a bank, which he intends to organize in Los Angeles.

A new and independent savings bank is being organized by Bisbee (Ariz.) citizens. Dr. C. L. Edmundson is at the head of the enterprise.

Japanese-American Bank of Los Angeles has incorporated. The directors are K. Uyeda, M. Minaida, T. Nakamura and others. Capital \$200,000, all subscribed.

JOHN T. GRIFFITH CO.

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Subdivision de Luxe

PALISADES-BY-THE-SEA

Those seeking a Strictly High Class Suburban Residence Locality should by all means investigate this property.
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212-216 Wilcox Building

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Member L. A. R. B.

Sunset Main 4160



N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

LARGEST SAVINGS BANK IN SOUTHERN CAL.

Total Resources

\$14,500,000.00

MODERN SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

Safety for Valuables
Boxes Rent for \$2.00
a Year and up.

J. S. SARTORI, President
M. S. HELLMAN, Vice-Pres.
J. E. PLATER, Vice-Pres.
W. D. LONGYEAR, Cash.-Sec.
T. Q. HALL, Asst. Cashier
W. M. CASWELL, Asst. Sec.

The United States Bank and Trust Company of Santa Fé, N. M., has incorporated. The incorporators are Howard S. Reed of Denver, William A. Hampton of Denver, Charles H. Ingram of Santa Fé, Richard H. Hanna of Santa Fé, and others. Capital \$50,000, divided into 500 shares of \$100 each.

The voters of Los Angeles will soon be asked to pass on a proposition to bond the city for \$265,000 to drive a tunnel through the Fourth street hill.

Pasadena is discussing a proposed issue of \$125,000 for a municipal lighting plant. The City Attorney is drawing up the ordinance.

South Pasadena votes March 23 on a \$65,000 high school bond issue.

The City Council of Pasadena is to be asked to call a special election to vote on a \$75,000 bond issue to provide better fire protection.

The South Coast Yacht Club contemplates a \$10,000 bond issue, the money to be used for building a clubhouse.

Albuquerque, N. M., votes April 3 on a waterworks bond issue, and an issue of \$30,000 for building a city hall.

Anaheim votes April 14 on a \$69,000 bond issue for municipal improvements.

About March 1 the American Savings Bank, with W. H. Workman as president, will remove to the business room now occupied by the Citizens' National Bank at the corner of Third and Spring streets, Los Angeles.

The First National Bank of Wickensburg, Ariz., has been organized, and will open for business within a few weeks. Local capitalists have contributed \$20,000.

Corona votes March 31 on an issue of \$35,000 high school bonds. The bonds run twenty years, and bear interest at 5 per cent.

Oceanside has voted down the proposition to issue bonds for building a city hall.

San Diego votes April 3 on a \$160,000 school bond issue. Bonds bear 4½ per cent. and run over a series of twenty years.

Tandy & Story

Real Estate Rentals and
Insurance, 325 Hunting-
ton Building, Los Ange-
les, Cal.

Phone Home 4201.

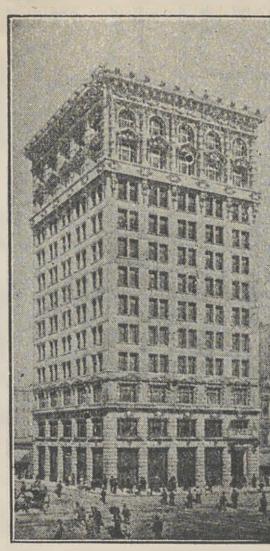
SAFETY AND PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you **4 per cent** interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

State Bank and Trust Co.

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00



UNION TRUST BUILDING

The Oldest Savings Bank in Southern California

Established January 3, 1885

OVER 30,500 DEPOSITORS

Assets over \$7,800,000

SAFE DEPOSIT

Boxes \$2.00 a year

4% Interest on Term Deposits

S. E. Cor. Fourth
and Spring Sts.

Southern California Savings Bank

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Statement at Close of Business, Jan. 29th, 1906

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts.....\$9,009,257.10	Capital Stock.....\$1,250,000.00
Overdrafts.....52,328.74	Surplus.....250,000.00
U. S. Bonds.....1,559,000.00	Undivided Profits.....1,142,450.82
Premium on U. S. Bonds.....55,169.24	Circulation.....1,250,000.00
Bonds.....749,826.75	Special Deposit,
Due from U. S.	City Treasurer.....80,000.00
Treasurer.....62,500.00	Deposits.....14,451,636.63
Furniture and Fixtures.....39,732.76	
Cash on Hand	
(Special Deposit).....80,000.00	
Cash.....\$3,163,234.76	
Due from other Banks.....3,652,978.10	
6,816,272.86	
	\$1 24,087.45

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars
Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metro
politan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First
National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the
shareholders of that Bank.

A Trip Through Orange Groves

Via "Inside Track"

Special train daily from Arcade Depot at 9:00 a. m. Long stops at Riverside and Redlands. Returning arrive at Los Angeles 6:50 p. m. From Pasadena at 9:05 a. m., except Sunday and on Sunday at 8:20 a. m. Round trip to Redlands (good via Riverside and San Bernardino) \$3.00.

Round trip to Riverside or San Bernardino \$2.75. Tickets good for return day following date of sale. Tickets and information, with illustrated booklet at

261 S. Spring St. cor. 3d, and Arcade Depot

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

BISHOP'S
*The sign of
good eating*

5¢



BIS BIS CRACKERS

The five-cent piece spent for a package of Bis-Bis Soda Crackers buys a good, large portion of nourishing food.

We never cease watching this perfect Soda Cracker until it is sealed in its dust proof packages. Five cents

BISHOP & COMPANY

Twenty-three Gold Medals and Highest Awards in Europe and America

H.JEVNE CO.

Jevne's Layer Cake

Don't ever expect to taste a better cake than these. Each one hidden beneath a thick layer of delicious icing. Our dainty white pound mixtures in two and three layers are more tempting than any house wife ever baked. Made in all icings.

Home baking is inconvenient and really expensive when you can buy such cakes as Jevne's. All our cakes are made of the purest and best materials and receive the utmost care in baking. They come fresh from our ovens daily.

Our new catalogue—just published—is free for the asking.

208-210 SOUTH SPRING ST.

WILCOX BUILDING

Drink Puritas Distilled Water

DON'T imagine that because impure water produces no visibly evil effects in a day they are any the less injurious. The most dangerous impurities are those which so stealthily undermine your health you scarcely detect it till the damage is done.

More people are recognizing this fact daily, and recognizing also the fact that PURITAS Doubly Distilled water is the only water of perfect purity possible to obtain in this city. Year in and year out our guarantee of purity is on every demijohn. For your health's sake, Drink Puritas.

5 Gallons 40c

Either Phone—Exchange 6



**LOS ANGELES ICE AND
COLD STORAGE CO.**

LILY CREAM

We make broad claims for the superiority of Lily Cream—but Lily Cream is a product worthy of such claims. However, we do not ask you to rely on our word for its goodness. Try it—prove it—yourself. Thousands have done so already and found it superior in purity, wholesomeness, richness and delicacy of flavor, to any form of dairy product obtainable. Lily Cream costs no more than ordinary milk.

PACIFIC CREAMERY CO.
Los Angeles, Cal.